





# ELOCUTION

AND

# ACTION

By F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK

Original Illustrations



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EDGAR S. WERNER

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TO  
**Austin B. Fletcher, A.M., LL.B.,**  
TO WHOM,  
AS ARTIST, TEACHER, AND FRIEND, I OWE  
MUCH MORE THAN THIS SIMPLE  
TRIBUTE CAN REPAY.



## PREFACE.

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THIS little work is intended for beginners in expression. It gives, in as simple language as the writer can command, the elements of the art. The order in which the lessons are given is in accordance with the author's experience in teaching classes of the grade for which it is designed. Teachers of wider experience may find another arrangement preferable; if so, it is an easy matter to assign the lessons as they please. The difficulty has been to select only such exercises and rules as are absolutely essential for young students. It cannot be expected that all will agree with the author's judgment in this particular; nevertheless, the satisfactory results obtained by adhering strictly to the matter contained herein have convinced him that while much of importance might easily have been added, nothing that was absolutely necessary has been omitted. Suggestions looking toward improvement will, however, be thankfully received.

Toward the end, the lessons are more difficult and longer than in the beginning. Since the book was planned to cover at least a school-year of ordinary elocutionary training, the latter part, it is hoped, will be found to have but kept pace with the mental and artistic development of the pupil. The chapters on pantomimic expression may, however, be subdivided or reserved for a second year's course, if deemed advisable. Many pupils will, of course, go over the whole ground very quickly.

I do not advocate memorizing the lessons. The

constant necessity for applying the instructions to the practical work of expression will soon fix in the pupil's mind all that is of importance. Discuss thoroughly each chapter, multiplying the illustrations and trying to lead the pupil to work out for himself, if possible, the solution of the problems under consideration.

Exercises relating to a particular subject are numbered consecutively throughout the book without regard to other exercises that may intervene. For instance, under Breathing, Exercises 1, 2, and 3 will be found in Lesson IV., and 4, 5, 6, and 7 in Lesson XIX. This will, it is believed, aid in keeping each subject more completely apart from the others than if the ordinary method of numbering were followed.

Little will be found here relating to emotional expression; such work belongs to a later period of mental development than was contemplated in preparing this manual. The painful exhibition of precocious, hot-house passion has no part in the author's scheme of education. Even those of more mature years who may find this manual useful are advised to thoroughly master its precepts before essaying higher flights. The great essential is a solid foundation of conversational delivery. Emotion that is genuine will find its own outlet, if the channels of expression are free.

It is hard to specify each case of the author's indebtedness to others. Little can be claimed for the book on the score of originality except in arrangement and selection of material. Much of its contents is the common property of all good teachers; the few things that are not, the author has paid well for either in money or in hard work.

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# ELOCUTION AND ACTION.

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## LESSON I.

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### The Speaker's Position.

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The best position for the speaker is that in which he can speak or read effectively for the longest time with the greatest ease, and which, at the same time, allows the greatest freedom of movement.

A speaker in a constrained position is always more or less embarrassed, because his attention is called continually to unpleasant sensations in his hands, feet, or head, as the case may be ; on the other hand, a comfortable position puts both speaker and audience at ease. Without a correct and graceful position the gestures will be awkward and unnatural, and the voice will be constrained ; therefore, it is necessary to acquire this first of all.

## EXERCISE I.

*Standing.**Front View.*

FIG. 1.

Stand in an animated manner with the weight of the body upon the right foot, which should be firmly planted on the floor; have the chief part of the weight upon the ball of the foot, but do not let the heel rise. Do not let the right leg sag and, on the other hand, do not stiffen the knee.

The RIGHT HIP will tend outward a little at the side. This is its natural position; do not draw up the body so that the hip is straight above the foot.

The SHOULDERS will incline slightly to the left, just sufficiently to balance the outward position of the hip. If the shoulders are kept exactly even, the right side of the body will seem to overbalance the other side. If the hip and shoulders are rightly balanced, the notch in the collar-bone (which is just half-way between the shoulders) will be exactly over the instep of the right foot. This will not be the case if either the hip or the shoulders are out of position.

The HEAD should not be held stiffly erect, but allowed to incline a very little toward the right shoulder.

The **ARMS** should hang loosely and naturally at the sides, with the palms of the hands toward the body.

The **LEFT FOOT** should be about opposite the right foot at the side, and at a little distance from it, the left leg being passive. If the attitude is perfectly easy and natural, the left knee will fall slightly inward.

Practise this position with the weight upon the left foot also. You should be able to stand equally well on either foot.

In the description of an exercise we usually speak of the foot which supports the weight of the body as the **strong foot**, and the corresponding side of the body as the **strong side**. The other foot we call the **free foot** because, if the body be properly balanced, it will have complete freedom of movement in every possible direction.

In this position, as we described it, the right side was the strong side, and the left the **free side**, or, as it is sometimes called, the "weak" side. When the weight of the body is transferred to the left foot, that becomes the strong and the right becomes the free foot, and of course the positions of hip, shoulders, and head are reversed.



## LESSON II.

---

### The Speaker's Position.—*Continued.*

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#### *Standing.*

#### *Side View.*

Be careful that the KNEE of the strong leg is firm without stiffness.

The HIPS should not be thrown forward, which gives one a pompous appearance, nor drawn far back.

The CHEST should be **active**, that is, expanded but not necessarily inflated with air.

Do not pull the SHOULDERS back, nor draw them forward. Do not draw in the CHIN nor lift the HEAD, but look straight forward toward the audience.

Be sure that there is neither stiffness nor limpness anywhere ; try to have a springy, animated condition of the whole body, both in this and in all similar exercises.

Avoid nervous twitchings of the face and hands, picking with the fingers, twisting about on the ankle, in a word, all unnecessary movements of any part of the body.

The important element in every position is the proper balance or **poise**, as it is called, of the body. If the notch in the collar-bone be kept exactly over the middle of the strong foot, the body is properly poised or balanced, and the arms and free foot can move freely in all directions without cramping or distorting any part. If, on the contrary, the shoulders incline too far either to the right or to the left, there is danger of losing one's balance, while if the hip be drawn in, there will be stiffness and constraint.

## EXERCISE II.

### *Sitting.*

Sit erect, with active chest and animated carriage of the whole body. Keep the feet near together, one slightly in advance of the other. Let the hands, if unemployed, lie easily and naturally in the lap. Do not lean against the back of the chair, nor sit stiffly erect, but sway the body slightly forward.

TO THE TEACHER:—Illustrate by example both correct and incorrect attitudes. If pupils are familiar with the law of gravitation, call their attention to its application here. Do not take up any further work in position until these lessons are thoroughly understood; but do not wait for perfect precision before going on. Point out glaring faults as they occur, but do not strive for ideal perfection in attitude; or, for that matter, in expression of any sort, in the beginning; the result will be loss of spontaneity, which is more valuable than grace or mechanical perfection. If the habitual attitude approximate to the ideal, the less said about details the better. Leave much to nature, especially with very young pupils.

## LESSON III.

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### Phrasing.

---

Stand in the Speaker's Position. Hold the book unless too heavy, with one hand only—that on the strong side,—supporting the back with three fingers, and holding down the leaves by means of the thumb and little finger. Accustom yourself to use either hand. Keep the book at one side and well away from your eyes, so that those in front of you can see your face.

#### 1. Read to bring out ideas, not words.

A group of words combined to express an idea is called a **phrase**, and the grouping of words as we read them, so as to convey the right meaning, is called **phrasing**.

2. Try to think each idea yourself before speaking it.

3. Pause after each word or group of words that expresses a separate idea, both to give your hearers time to understand, and to give yourself an opportunity to master the next idea. Do not confine yourself to pausing at the marks of punctuation; they are intended for the eye, not the ear. A good reader will

often make a long pause where there is not even a comma, and pause longer at a comma in one place than at a period in another.

EXAMPLES.

(a) The books which help you most | are those which make you think the most.||| The hardest way of learning | is by easy reading; || but a great book | that comes from a great thinker, | is a ship of thought, || deep freighted with truth | and with beauty.

(b) There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
           There's no rain left in heaven,  
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
           Seven times one are seven.

In both the examples above, we make many pauses besides those indicated by the marks of punctuation; indeed, sometimes a single word will be of sufficient importance to demand a pause. In the second example, which is light and joyous, the pauses are much shorter than in the other, but they must be perceptible, however slight they may be.

Here is an example of bad phrasing, such as occurs very frequently :

Listen my children | and you shall hear ||  
 Of the midnight | ride of | Paul Revere.

or worse still :

Of the mid | night ride | of Paul Revere. |

The first phrase is nonsense. How can one "listen my children" or listen any one else's children for that matter? Evidently we must correct that by pausing

after "listen," as the thought is complete there—we are told to listen. Again, we should not pause after "hear," because the idea is incomplete; we are not to listen in order that we may hear merely, but that we may hear of "the midnight ride of Paul Revere," or, if we wish to be very careful in our phrasing, "of the midnight ride | of Paul Revere," but certainly not "of the midnight" or "of the mid."

Correctly phrased, these lines would be read:

Listen | my children | and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride | of Paul Revere,

the pause after "ride" being comparatively slight.

**4. Accustom yourself to take in one or more phrases at a glance,** so that you can raise your eyes from the book and speak the words directly to your audience, as if they were your own.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Point out the errors in the following examples. Notice that most of these and similar mistakes arise from the bad habit of "sing-singing" poetry, instead of reading it for the thought. Avoid this fault.

I'm not a chicken | I have seen |  
Full many a chill | September ||  
And though I was | a youngster then |  
That gale I well | remember. |||  
The day before | my kite-string snapped |  
And I my kite | pursuing |  
The wind whisked off | my palm-leaf hat |  
For me two storms | were brewing!—*Holmes.*

Do not | look for | wrong and | evil—  
You will | find them | if you | do;



As you | measure | for your | neighbor |  
He will | measure | back to | you.

Look for | goodness | look for | gladness, |  
You will | meet them | all the | while;  
If you | bring a | smiling | visage |  
To the | glass, you | meet a | smile.

Indicate the pauses in the following examples :

I come from haunts of coot and hern  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern  
To bicker down a valley

I slip I slide I gloom I glance  
Among my skimming swallows  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever.—*Tennyson.*

Halt the dust-brown ranks stood fast  
Fire out blazed the rifle blast  
It shivered the window pane and sash  
It rent the banner with seam and gash  
Quick as it fell from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.—*Whittier.*

He said to his friend "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch  
Of the North-Church tower as a signal-light  
One if by land and two if by sea  
And I on the opposite shore will be  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."—*Longfellow.*

Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope. Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure; better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!—*Vernon Lushington.*

TO THE TEACHER:—Practise pupils daily on analysis for ideas; have them group phrases on the blackboard, and strive in every way to awaken the analytic powers, until they are able to phrase naturally and intelligently. Few teachers, to say nothing of pupils, estimate rightly the value of pause as an element in natural delivery. I have heard eminent readers who had not mastered that means of expression. Pause has a vastly broader field than the mere separation of ideas. Notice how frequently we hesitate in conversation, always thinking the thought before expressing it, and pausing for a greater or less time as the thought is complicated or simple. Again, in the expression of strong emotions, we take time to gather ourselves together for a mightier effort than usual; and sometimes feeling, especially in the emotions that affect the larynx powerfully, seems to stand in the way of expression, choking down the voice, and tying up the muscles, until the pent-up passion at last forces its way through every obstacle. Though our pupils, at this stage of their work, have no use for such extreme expressions, yet by accustoming them to pause frequently and long they not only acquire the power of reposeful expression, but lay the foundation for more difficult achievements.

## LESSON IV.

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### Breathing-Exercises.

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Breathing-exercises are intended to increase the power and capacity of the lungs.

#### EXERCISE I.

Standing in the Speaker's Position, place both hands at the front of the waist, just below the breast-bone, in such a manner that the middle fingers of one hand just touch the middle fingers of the other. (1) Keeping the mouth closed, breathe in through the nose until the lungs are comfortably filled with air. Send the breath down toward the waist as if to push away the hands. (2) Breathe out slowly until you feel a sense of perfect relaxation (not exhaustion) at the waist; then inhale as before.

Repeat this exercise several times. Let the hand follow the inward movement at the waist when you exhale, without exerting pressure.

#### EXERCISE II.

Have the same action of the breath, with the hands at the sides of the waist as in Exercise I. Here the hands may gently assist the inward movement.

## EXERCISE III.

Place the hands at the small of the back and breathe as before. There should be a feeling of expansion and relaxation here, also, but it will not be so marked as in the other exercises.

## CAUTIONS.

**In all breathing-exercises there must be no consciousness of muscular effort.** This is an important point. It is easy to push out and draw in the diaphragm or the abdomen by more or less violent muscular action ; and, with a little practice, an abnormal power of expansion and contraction may be developed in the waist-region, with the result of producing a strained and “muscular” quality of the voice, and utterly destroying the ease, flexibility and unconscious activity which are characteristic of all normal operations of the healthy body.

**Expansion of the lungs everywhere must seem to be purely an act of the will, and not of the muscles.** The air must seem to expand the lungs as a balloon is expanded by gas ; instead of which, vocalists often try to produce a vacuum by a violent pulling apart of the walls of the chest, and letting the air rush in as it will. I call attention to this misconception of the subject, because it is held by teachers who should know better, and is a fruitful source of vocal faults, to say nothing of physical derangements.

**See that the waist and not the abdomen is the active centre.**

Beware of overcrowding the lungs; it is not the amount, but the control of breath that produces results.

EXAMPLES OF DEEP BREATHING.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre.

Hurrah! The foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!

—*Macaulay.*

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

Keep us, O keep us the many in one!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky,

Loud rings the Nation's cry—

Union and Liberty! One evermore!—*Holmes.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.—*Addison.*

TO THE TEACHER:—Breathing-exercises should be performed very *gently* and *slowly*, with only a medium supply of breath at first, and for but a short time each day. Delicate pupils are sometimes unequal to more than a few minutes of lung-exercise. Never force them beyond what can be done with perfect comfort. I am tempted to insert the customary protest against the barbarous and silly custom of tight-lacing, but so much has been written and spoken against this utterly indefensible method of self destruction, that ignorance on such a vital point is inexcusable. Sensible parents and teachers know their duty: the law of the survival of the fittest will take care of the rest.

## LESSON V.

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### Emphasis.

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JOHN IS SHORT, JAMES IS TALL.

You could hardly make a mistake in the division of this sentence if you tried; but it may be read in many ways, each of which would convey a different meaning. For instance, if some one had asked which of the boys was short, you would say: “*John* is short.” If he should contradict you, you would assert emphatically: “*John is* short.” If he had asked whether John was short or tall, your reply would be: “John is *short*.” If he had asked how he might know the boys apart, you might answer: “*John* is *short*, *James* is *tall*.” Each of these meanings is brought out by means of what is called **emphasis**, and the word that is made prominent is said to be **emphatic**. The unimportant words are said to be **subordinate**.

In ordinary conversation we generally make the emphatic word prominent by giving it a **higher pitch**. When we are more earnest, we **dwell** a little longer upon the emphatic word than upon the other words in the phrase. If we wish to be very impressive, or to

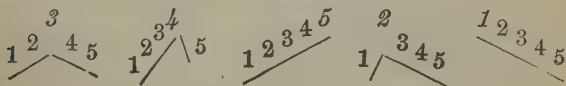
give the emphatic word extraordinary weight, we **pause before** it, as if to gather strength for utterance. This keeps the hearer in suspense, and compels him to notice the emphatic word when it is finally spoken.

Reading should seem like conversation, and we should try to use these three methods of emphasis, as far as possible, just as we do in speech.

It is not only unnecessary but vulgar in conversation to make the emphatic word louder or rougher than the rest, unless we are expressing some emotion that calls for greater power, or are trying to make ourselves heard, as in the following example :

Call naturally “come *here!* come **HERE!** come **HERE!**” increasing the emphasis with each repetition of the words. You will notice that the pitch of the word “here” is higher at each increase of emphasis. This will serve to illustrate the principle that **the greater the emphasis, the higher is the pitch of the emphatic word compared with the pitch of the other words in the phrase, and the longer is it dwelt upon.**

Practise the following exercises. Notice that in natural speech the voice rises step by step, until the emphatic word is reached, and that if any words follow the emphatic word they are spoken more rapidly and with a downward movement of the voice :







they usually have contrast or **opposition** of pitch, as  
 “Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish.”

TO THE TEACHER:—Write exercises similar to the above upon the blackboard, and accustom the pupils to follow the pointer, giving at once whatever emphasis you may indicate. Speak a simple sentence or, better still, a combination of letters, numbers, or vowel-sounds, and have the pupils write it upon the blackboard, indicating your emphasis and pauses, if there be any. The emphatic word may be delivered in a much softer tone than the rest of the phrase; and, if pitch and prolongation are correctly given, the meaning will be perfectly clear. This is an excellent exercise for overcoming any tendency to boisterousness, and for acquiring a refined and reposeful delivery. Note carefully that emphasis is merely making an idea prominent, and that the simplest means are always the best.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

I had from childhood a thickness of speech arising from a large palate, and when a boy I used to be laughed at for talking as if I had pudding in my mouth. When I went to Amherst I was fortunate in passing into the hands of John Lovell, a teacher of elocution, and a better teacher for my purpose I cannot conceive. His system consisted in drill, or the thorough practice of inflexions by the voice, of gesture, posture, and articulation. Sometimes I was a whole hour practising my voice on a word—like justice. I would have to take a posture, frequently at a mark chalked out on the floor. Then we would go through all the gestures. \* \* \* It was drill, drill, drill, until the motions almost became a second nature. Now, I never know what movements I shall make. My gestures are natural, because this drill made them natural to me. The only method of acquiring effective elocution is by practice, of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued and trained to right expression.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel, and the former called the latter “Little prig.” Bun replied, “You are doubtless very big, but all sorts of things and weather must be taken in to-

gether to make up a year, and a sphere; and I think it no disgrace to occupy my place. If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I, and not half so spry. I'll not deny you make a very pretty squirrel track! Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; if I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut."—*Emerson.*

The keynote to the oratory of Wendell Phillips lay in this: that it was essentially conversational—the conversational raised to its highest power. Perhaps no orator ever spoke with so little apparent effort, or began so entirely on the plane of his average hearers. It was as if he simply repeated, in a little louder tone, what he had just been saying to some familiar friend at his elbow. The effect was absolutely disarming. Those accustomed to spread-eagle eloquence felt, perhaps, a slight sense of disappointment. Could this quiet, easy, effortless man be Wendell Phillips? But he held them by his very quietness; it did not seem to have occurred to him to doubt his power to hold them. The poise of his manly figure, the easy grace of his attitude, the thrilling modulation of his perfectly trained voice, the dignity of his gesture, the keen penetration of his eye, all aided to keep his hearers in hand. The colloquialism was never relaxed, but it was familiarity without loss of keeping. What the Revolutionary orators would now seem to us, we cannot tell: but it is pretty certain that, of all our post-Revolutionary speakers, save Webster only, Wendell Phillips stood at the head; while he and Webster represented types of oratory so essentially different that any comparison between them is like trying to compare an oak tree and a pine.—*T. W. Higginson.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!—*Byron.*

Be careful to avoid a sing-song style in reading this.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at  
anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the  
morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbor-  
ing hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the  
greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the high-  
way.

Long ere noon in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the  
house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

—*Longfellow.*

## LESSON VI.

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### Position.—*Continued.*

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#### EXERCISE III.

##### *Attitude of Respect.*

Stand with the heels touching, the feet being turned out at an angle of about sixty degrees. Bear the weight of the body upon the balls of both feet equally. Have both legs straight, and knees firm. Have no inclination of the body to either side. Let the head be perfectly erect, with eyes looking straight forward. The arms fall at the sides as in the Speaker's Position. Do not lift or draw back the head or shoulders, nor push forward the hips so as to hollow the back.

This is called the position of Respect, and is the formal attitude when about to bow. It is very like that of the soldier on dress parade, and says: "I am at your service."



FIG. 2.

## EXERCISE IV.

*For Getting the Weight of the Body upon the Ball of the Foot.*

Standing as described on page 24, rise slowly upon the balls of the feet until the heels are at a considerable distance from the ground, then slowly return to the original position. Do not change the attitude of the body in the least during this exercise. Inhale slowly as you rise, and let the breath go as slowly while descending.

If the body has to poise forward before it can rise, the weight is on the heels and the position is incorrect. Watch that the body does not sag back upon the heels when you return to position, and practise this exercise until carrying the weight of the body upon the ball of the foot becomes a habit; see that you do so at all times while walking or standing. In rising there is often a tendency to push the hips out in front or draw the shoulders back; avoid even the slightest tendency to do either.

Do not cramp the body, but let everything be done with perfect ease. Try to feel as if you were buoyed up by the air, as you would be in the water.

Remember that the more slowly you practise all exercises, the greater will be your control over the muscles. Nervous, jerky movements mean lack of control, and result in habits of angular, awkward action. Grace comes from the perfect command of every muscle, even the smallest.

## LESSON VII.

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### Inflection.

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We have seen that the words in a phrase, like the syllables in a word, differ in pitch; that is, that speech, like music, has melody. Not only is this the case, but in every syllable the voice is constantly moving up or down the scale. It is in this respect that speech differs most widely from song, where every note must be sustained on a level. This movement or bending of the voice on a word is called **inflection**.

The inflections of the voice are very numerous, and we shall have occasion later to study many of them; for the present, however, we will confine ourselves to the two simplest: the rising and the falling.

The **rising inflection** (') indicates uncertainty, doubt, indifference, timidity or deference to the will of the person addressed.

#### EXAMPLES.

Is it John? = uncertainty, doubt, timidity.

Will you come? = deference to the hearer.

Certainly = indifference.

The **falling inflection** (´) is positive, and denotes completeness, certainty, and expresses the will of the speaker.

## EXAMPLES.

It is Jòhn.

Will yòu còme ?= "you must come."

Certainly.

Rising inflections start from the lower or middle tones of the voice and sweep upward.

Falling inflections strike a high pitch and sweep downward.

Just as with the melody of emphasis, the extent of the inflection will depend upon the strength of feeling behind it. Sometimes, as in great surprise, the voice sweeps through the compass of an octave on a single word. In ordinary speech, the range is very narrow. Practise the exercises in Lesson V., with many degrees of both rising and falling inflection, until you can command them at will.

In ordinary questions and in phrases which imply indifference or timidity on the part of the speaker, the words following the emphatic word tend upward instead of downward, as in a positive statement. Here the wider range of inflection distinguishes the emphatic word from the rest of the phrase. It is as if the impulse of the emphatic word carried the remaining words upward in spite of themselves. *E.g.*, Are you *sùre* of it?

When a question is asked with great earnestness it



often has the falling inflection, much as if it were a positive statement. Compare: Can you prove it? I can prove it.

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Inflection indicates the state of the speaker's mind; it has nothing to do with the grammatical construction of the sentence.

Positive statements are sometimes put in the form of a question for greater effect. *E. g.*, Isn't it so? Would you have believed it? Is it not wonderful? meaning, it is so; you would not have believed it; it is wonderful. Questions like these are not asked for information; they answer themselves. These "rhetorical questions," as they are called, may sometimes be given with a rising inflection; generally, however, they are spoken with a falling slide of the voice.

Remember March, the Ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice?

A positive statement that is closely connected with what follows has a slight rise or **bend** of the voice at the very end, which shows that the thought is not yet completely stated: "I will walk with you, but not now."

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of *Night*,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.—*Longfellow*.

TO THE TEACHER:—Drill the pupils separately and in unison, in various keys and through as wide a range of inflection as possible without straining their voices. The object of this practice is not to lay down cast-iron rules, to be followed mechanically, but to give the pupil command over his voice. The minute shades of inflection which give so many subtle and beautiful effects in conversation, and occasional departures from the general type of melodic movement in phrases and sentences, especially in what are known as “final cadences,” should be allowed and encouraged when they are true to nature. Be careful, however, that they do not degenerate into mannerisms or tunes. Teach the pupil to associate inflection with conditions of the mind, rather than with the ear. For instance, instead of saying “give this word a falling inflection,” say “speak more positively” or “more earnestly.” When the ear is deficient, this is the only method; but, if patiently followed, it will prove efficacious even in the most obdurate cases.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Notice that no two of these examples are to be read exactly like; each expresses some feeling that is not in the others. These delicate shades of meaning cannot be indicated by the marks of inflection. Endeavor to express the emotions that are indicated by the words in brackets.

BRUTUS. I did send to you for gold, to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. [*Contempt and anger.*]

CASSIUS. I denied you not. [*Indignantly.*]

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not! He was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—*Shakespeare.*

Let your companions be select; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate. [*Persuasively.*]

I do not rise to waste the night in words;  
Let that plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade;  
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—

For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand  
To take their share with me.—*Croly.*

[*Haughty contempt.*]

Have you heard the story the gossips tell  
Of John Burns, of Gettysburg ?—*Harte.*

[*Simple question.*]

And do you now put on your best attire ?  
And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?

[*Surprise and reproach.*] —*Shakespeare.*

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read ? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effect produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son ? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvelous pathos which genius, taste, and culture could infuse into that simple story. [*Earnestly.*].—*Hart.*

Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him ? [*Reflectively and with sympathy.*].—*Addison.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls; [*Very earnestly.*]  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; [*ently.*]  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; [*Indiffer-*  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed. [*Seriously.*].—*Shakespeare.*

## LESSON VIII.

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Position.—*Continued.*

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### EXERCISE V.

#### *Swaying the Hip.*

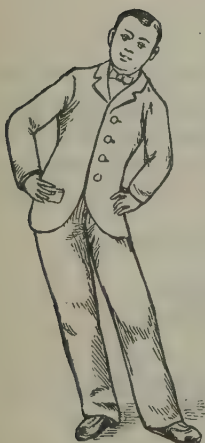


FIG. 3.

Stand in the Speaker's Position, let us say upon the right foot. Place the hands upon the hips at the broadest part (not at the waist). Slowly push the hip across with the right hand until the weight of the body has been changed to the left side. Let everything else follow the movement of the hip. When this exercise is properly performed, the body will be in perfect poise upon the left foot. Return again in the same way to the right foot, and repeat many times.

Avoid jerks and twists of the body everywhere.

## EXERCISE VI.

*Flexibility.*

Standing as before, carry the hip outward at the strong side as far as possible, without losing the balance or stiffening the body. The shoulders will, of course, move in the opposite direction. Be careful not to bend the knee nor let the chest collapse. Return to the erect position and repeat. Then change the weight to the opposite foot and practise in the same way. (See Fig. 3.)

**Inflection.**—*Continued.**Monotone.*

When the voice has little or no inflection, we are said to speak in **monotone**. The monotone is appropriate to passages of great solemnity. It is often heard when we call to someone at a distance. It is usually indicated as in the following examples:

Lōrd of the ūniverse, shield ūs and guīde ūs!

Come bāck, come bāck, Horatius!

Bāck, Lartius! Bāck, Herminius!

Bāck, ere the ruin fall!

In suspense and reflection the voice approaches the monotone.

Hush! Hark! Did stealing steps go by?

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

TO THE TEACHER:—Practise Exercises V. and VI. with the feet apart at various widths, and, as soon as the movement is understood, with the arms hanging at the sides. Later, have the pupil go through the exercises with the free foot behind and around the strong ankle, also swaying the arms above the head. Be careful to distinguish between Melody, discussed in Lesson V., and Inflection. Melody has to do with pitch-relation between different words or syllables; Inflection notes the variation in pitch of the syllable itself. In the last example, for instance, while the Inflection of each word approaches the monotone, there is decided downward progression in the Melody of the line.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN MONOTONE.

Be careful not to chant. There is always in speech some degree of inflection, except when suggesting or imitating a musical sound. Notice the varied shades of expression required in these examples. Think of the emotion rather than of imitating a particular tone.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.—*Shakespeare.*

A boom!—the lighthouse gun!  
(How its echo rolls and rolls!)  
’Tis to warn the home-bound ships  
Off the shoals!—*Aldrich.*

And once behind a rick of barley.  
Thus looking out did Harry stand;  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
He hears a noise—he’s all awake—  
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill  
He softly creeps.—*Wordsworth.*

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;  
And, from its station in the hall,  
An ancient timepiece says to all,  
    “ Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!”—*Longfellow.*

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst  
formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever-  
lasting, thou art God.—*David.*

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## LESSON IX.

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### The Vocal Apparatus.

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Whenever we speak or sing, we make use of the lungs, the larynx, the mouth and the nose.

The LUNGS are contained in the cavity of the chest and furnish the breath, which is to speech what the steam is to an engine. When the supply of steam is low in the boiler, the engine comes to a standstill, and when the supply of breath is less than it should be, it



is impossible to speak well. It is important, therefore, to learn to keep the breath back while speaking, and not allow it to escape faster than is necessary ; also to increase the capacity of the lungs for containing air. It is for this reason that we practise breathing-exercises, which strengthen and develop the lungs and give control of the breath. It is quite as important, however, that we should be able to let the breath go at will as that we should be able to retain it, and we should pay just as much attention to the relaxing movements which occur when we cease to hold the breath. This relaxation must be natural and gentle. The lungs should not collapse like a bursted bag, but the air must pass out quietly as it entered. Until we have gained control of the breath, all exercises should be practised very slowly. After a time, however, we may also practise taking and letting go of the breath suddenly, being very careful that movements are never violent.

The BREASTBONE has an important function in voice-production. It acts like the sounding-board of a piano or a violin, and serves to increase the resonance of the voice. If the chest be passive or sunken, the tone will be weak, no matter how much force we use ; on the contrary, if the chest be active, the tones of the voice will be strong and vigorous.

The WINDPIPE or TRACHEA is the tube through which the air passes from the mouth to the lungs and back again. At its upper part it expands into a sort of box,

the front of which may be felt in the throat under the chin. This part of the windpipe is called the LARYNX. It opens into the mouth just back of the root of the tongue. When we swallow, this opening is closed so as to prevent the food from getting into the windpipe, which is both unpleasant and dangerous; when we speak, however, it is necessary to have this opening as free as possible.

All vocal sounds are begun in the larynx, which has within it a pair of lips called the VOCAL BANDS or CORDS. The edges of these are set in vibration by the air, as a violin string is by the bow or the reed of a clarinet by the breath of the player. Those of us who whistle adjust the lips and produce sound in much the same way that nature adjusts the vocal bands and produces speech; only nature, being a much more clever artist than the best whistler, manages her task in a far more delicate and perfect manner. She knows exactly how to make the sound we wish, and only asks us to let her alone and give her all the room possible in the mouth, in order to let the sound out after it is made. The throat, therefore, should be perfectly free and unconstrained, and we should particularly avoid making chewing or swallowing movements during speech, which, as we have seen, tend to shut the voice in.

Do not open the mouth so wide that the speech seems labored, nor keep it so tightly closed that the sounds seem to come through the teeth; it should be opened gently and comfortably. Do not pull the jaw

down, but let it relax naturally at the back, as if it dropped away from the upper jaw.

Let the tongue lie loosely and easily in the mouth. Do not twist it about unnecessarily nor cramp it in trying to keep it quiet. If the tongue persists in rising at the back so as to obstruct the sound, practise the vocal exercises with the tip pressed against the teeth and the back drawn down as in gaping, until the bad habit is overcome. Do not make this manner of practising habitual, however, or you will injure your voice. We shall have more to say of the tongue when we come to the subject of articulation.

It is important that the passages in the nose be kept free and open for the passage of sound. The practice of humming for a few minutes daily is of value for gaining "head-resonance," as it is called; that is, vibration of the resonance-chambers in the face.

**TO THE TEACHER :—**Illustrate some of the wrong ways of using the vocal apparatus; for instance, speaking with collapsed chest, "nasal," "throaty" and "muscular" qualities, and impress upon the minds of pupils the necessity for a simple and unaffected manner of speaking with pure, resonant tone. Correct bad habits whenever they appear. If you teach other subjects, do not wait for the elocution hour, but insist that the multiplication-table be given a meaning as well as the reading-lesson. The habit of refined conversation is of more importance than the acquirement of a few showy pieces for exhibition purposes. The foregoing lesson may be used with good results as a study in emphasis, as the meaning will thereby be brought home to every pupil—an important point, as this lesson furnishes the key to many succeeding exercises.

## LESSON X.

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### Vocal Exercises.

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#### *"Start" of the Tone.*

Practise breathing-exercises for a few minutes as in Lesson IV., but breathing through the mouth as well as through the nose, letting the jaw fall easily. We should always breathe through the nose except in speaking or singing, when we use the mouth also.

#### EXERCISE I.

(1) Open the mouth as if to say *ah*. Be very careful that there is no constraint at the throat, and that the back of the tongue does not rise in the mouth.

(2) Slowly inhale through the mouth.

(3) As soon as an ordinary breath has been taken, trying not to allow any air to escape from the lungs, pronounce in a moderately loud tone the vowel-sound *ah*, as if asking a question.

(4) The instant the sound ceases, let the breath go; then, without closing the mouth, and still keeping the jaw relaxed, breathe in again and repeat the exercise.

Practise in a series of ten repetitions. Use also the sounds *ā*, *ē*, *ō*, and *ōō*.

Remember (a) to retain the breath while making the sound; (b) to let the breath go the instant the sound ceases; (c) to keep the open, relaxed position of the throat and mouth during each series.

### EXERCISE II.

Practise in the same way, sustaining the tone on a level as in singing.

### EXERCISE III.

Practise with falling inflection.

These exercises should also be practised with the hands in the various positions indicated in Lesson IV., in order to be certain of the proper action of the breathing-apparatus.

TO THE TEACHER :—At first the pupil should not be allowed to prolong the sound in any of these exercises beyond the time that would naturally be occupied in an ordinary interrogative slide. After practice, however, pupils should be drilled in sustained tones, with instrumental accompaniment if possible, until a fair amount of sustaining power is acquired. Watch carefully in all these exercises that the tone starts full and free and with precisely the same quality and volume at the beginning as during the continuation. See that the pupil conquers the tendency to shut the throat just before beginning. Do not work for noise but for good quality of tone. The tone should not be pushed out, but should seem almost to be drawn in from without. See that all activity is confined to the breathing-apparatus; it is the breath which governs the tone. After a time, practise with crescendo, diminuendo and swell-effects. In the very beginning I work only for the sense of perfect relaxation, paying no attention to the fact that the tone at first is sure to be unmusical, because badly placed. Afterward, but not until the habit of control by the breathing-apparatus exclusively is firmly fixed, I direct the pupil's attention to the quality of his voice, but making improvement so gradual that freedom is never sacrificed to anxiety for rapid progress.

## LESSON XI.

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### Articulation.

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If we completely relax the jaw, lips, and tongue, opening the mouth just wide enough to let out the sound, and then vocalize in the most indifferent manner possible, we produce something between a grunt and the sound of *u* in *hurt*. The sound is indefinite—inarticulate. Very likely the earliest attempts at speech were little better than a series of such vague sounds, more or less modified by different positions of the jaw and tongue. As the race progressed in language-making these sounds became more clearly defined and further separated from one another; more delicate variations were introduced, the sounds were combined in various ways, until, at last, man possessed articulate language.

**Articulation** has been defined as “**the correct and elegant delivery of the elementary sounds in syllables and words.**”

These are classified as **vowels** and **consonants**.

The **VOWELS** are the foundation-sounds of the language. They are formed by various positions of the tongue and lips, which modify but do not obstruct the

flow of sound. *Ah* (*ä* in *fäther*), *ā*, *ē*, *ō*, *ōō* are examples.

The CONSONANTS are formed by positions of the tongue, teeth, or lips, which, for the time, interfere with the vowel-sound. For example, if you press the tip of the tongue against the upper teeth, as if to pronounce *t* or *d*, you will find it impossible to give a vowel-sound, *ä*, for instance. If, now, you allow the tongue to fall quickly back into its natural position just as you are about to say *ä*, you will get the combination *tä* or *dä*. It is this "recoil" of the tongue, as we call it, that makes the consonant distinct.

We begin our studies in articulation with the vowels. The tone as it comes from the larynx is molded into the various vowel-sounds by the different positions of the tongue and lips. The jaw always remains relaxed, although in some vowels it is not so wide open as in others.

We have already practised some of the vowel-sounds; we shall now, however, take them up in regular order, beginning with *ē*, as in *ēēl*.

1. *Ē* is made with the forward part of the tongue near the roof of the mouth. The tongue is higher and the jaws are nearer together in forming this vowel than in any other. For this reason it is one of the most difficult sounds to give properly, that is, with good tone, since the tendency in most of us is to cramp the throat whenever the tongue is active. *Ah* is one of the easiest of vowel-sounds, and you will find it useful to



make first the sound *ä* or *ō* and in the same breath change to *ē*, keeping the quality of voice the same and not allowing the back of the tongue to rise. In this vowel, as we have said, the jaw cannot open so widely as in the more open sounds. Let it take its natural position, without cramping it.

What is said here with regard to the throat, back of tongue and jaw, refers to other vowels as well, and is to be understood without further repetition.

2. If the middle of the tongue be very slightly depressed while pronouncing *ē*, the sound becomes that of short *I*, as in *ill*. This sound is hard to sustain at first, as it tends to go back to long *ē*. Practise until this tendency is overcome.

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## LESSON XII.

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### Flexibility.

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Everyone who would speak or recite with good effect must have not merely mental capacity, but command over the body and the voice, the instruments through which he expresses himself.

Awkwardness, a weak or disagreeable voice, or indistinct articulation may spoil the effect of the most brilliant composition ; while a graceful and clear delivery will often make a very commonplace subject interesting

Faults in delivery are caused either by wrong conditions of the joints and muscles that are used in gesture and speech, thereby preventing the proper action of the parts, or by lack of control over the muscles, so that we use the wrong set or do not use the right set properly.

It is evident that if we wish to gain control of the body we must first get rid of wrong actions and conditions ; in other words, before we begin to strengthen the parts, we must render them flexible and pliable. It is of no use to practise opening the hand, for instance, so long as the muscles which shut the hand refuse to relax and allow the other set to act freely ; we shall only be straining the delicate tendons and rendering the action more awkward than before. Therefore we must first learn to **relax** ; afterward we shall study to get control of the parts.

### EXERCISE I.

#### *Hands and Fingers.*

Lift the forearm a little in front of the body, with the hand and fingers hanging down in a lifeless manner. Hold the arm in this position until the hand has become perfectly passive and you can feel that its own weight is drawing it downward. This means that the muscles that hold the hand and fingers in position have completely relaxed. See that the fingers hang as loosely as the fringe on a shawl.



FIG. 4.

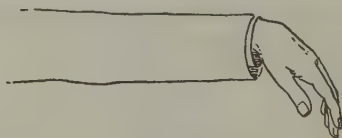
When you have attained this state of perfect pliability, which may require many days or even weeks of persevering practice, shake the hand gently by moving the arm up and down, then sideways, and finally in a circle. Be very careful that the hand and fingers remain passive and are simply shaken about by the arm.

Practise this exercise in various positions, *i.e.*, palm up, palm down, and with the hand held edgewise, until you have gained the ability to put the hand in a passive state whenever and wherever you wish.

## EXERCISE II.

### *Wrists.*

Practise the same movements with the arms stretched



CORRECT.



INCORRECT. FIG. 5.

out at the sides and in front, with one arm at a time at first, then with both together. Be careful to hold the arm straight, without relaxing at the elbow, and to move the arm from the shoulder.

## LESSON XIII.

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### Minor Inflections.

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The rising and falling inflections used in ordinary discourse are termed **major inflections**. We have also **minor inflections**, used in expressions of pity, weakness, or horror. Good examples of the minor inflection are the cries "Help!" "Mercy!" moans, and similar expressions of physical suffering; exclamations of a dejected character like "Oh, dear me!" "Alas!" and expressions of pity such as, "poor fellow," "poor doggie," etc.

Minor inflections may be either rising or falling.

Oí déar, múst Í go tó school?

Oh dèar, Ì mùst go tò schòol!

In pathetic passages, readers are apt to overdo the minor inflections, so that the reading becomes little better than a whine. Avoid this; remember that the use of the minor slide always indicates a degree of weakness in the speaker, and that it is appropriate only when we wish to convey that particular impression.

## EXAMPLES.

I'm a hopeless, unfortunate creature,  
 I'm tortured with sorrow and pain,  
 I'm twisted in figure and feature;  
 However, I never complain.—*Stanley Wood.*

Oh, my lord,  
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 —*Shakespeare.*

O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!  
 Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!  
 —*II. Samuel.*

“Oh, dear,” said Father Brown, one day,  
 “I never saw such weather!  
 The rain will spoil my meadow hay  
 And all my crops together.”  
 His little daughter climbed his knee;  
 “I guess the sun will shine,” said she.

**Position.**—*Continued.*

## EXERCISE VII.

*Transition of Poise.*

Standing with one foot well in advance of the other, the arms hanging loosely at the sides, change the weight forward and back, always being careful to begin the movement with the hip, and to keep the shoulders as quiet as possible. Do not shuffle the feet.

Practise this exercise with the feet at various angles, until you accustom yourself to a graceful movement of the body in any direction. Be sure to look in the new direction before making a transition.

## LESSON XIV.

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### Flexibility.—*Continued.*

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#### EXERCISE III.

##### *For Muscles of the Neck and Jaw.*

(a) Holding the head erect, close the eyes as if about to go to sleep. Let the jaw fall lifelessly. Try to feel and look as stupid and lazy as possible. Now let the head drop forward as if the strength were gone from the muscles of the neck. After a moment, during which you should try to feel, if possible, still more lifeless about the head, neck, and shoulders, raise the head slowly, with the jaw dropped as before and carry it back as far as possible. Rest in this attitude for a moment, then repeat the exercise.



FIG. 6.

The body should assist the movements of the head by bending forward a little for the first position and back for the second, but it must not relax. The exercise is for the head and neck and for such muscles as

connect these parts with the shoulders. We must learn to control each part of the body separately before we can hope to gain command of the whole.

(b) Sway the head from side to side in the same manner as above described.

(c) Circle the head; that is, let it go from front to side, then back, then to the other side, and finally return to the front,—making the movement continuous but with the muscles as passive as possible.

#### EXERCISE IV.

##### *For Flexibility of the Legs.*

(a) Stand with one foot on the edge of a platform or low bench, so that the free leg hangs over the edge. Be careful to keep well poised. Let the free leg hang

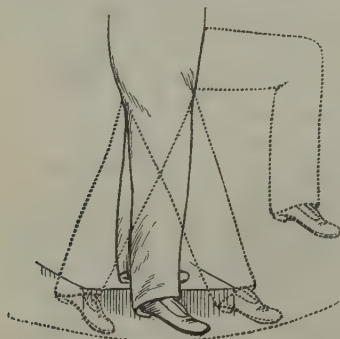


FIG. 7.

until you feel all the muscles about the hip relax and the limb becomes a dead weight. Be sure that the knee and foot also are entirely passive. The body should be erect upon the strong foot in a position like that of Respect, so that the hip may be as far as

possible over the free side in order to give plenty of room for the free leg.

(b) Standing as before, lift the free leg in front, with the knee and foot still relaxed, and then allow it to fall back lifelessly. If the muscles of the free leg are perfectly flexible, the leg will swing back and forth for a considerable time, like a pendulum. Let it come to rest of its own accord.

If this exercise is too difficult at first, practise lifting and dropping the leg while standing on the floor. Of course, the leg cannot swing to and fro but must come to rest at once. Here the poise of the body should be as in the Speaker's Position.

#### The Vowels.—*Continued.*

3.  $\bar{A}$ , as in *āle*. This vowel has one peculiarity that deserves attention. If we speak a word like *pay* or *may*, we notice that the final sound is not that of  $\bar{a}$  at all, but exactly that of long  $\bar{e}$ , thus, *pāē*, *māē*. You would find it difficult to pronounce either of these words and omit this vanishing sound or "glide," as it is sometimes called. The vanish or glide of the vowel  $\bar{a}$  is one characteristic of a refined pronunciation. Before the vowel  $\bar{e}$ , however, the vanish vanishes entirely, e.g., *ā-ērial*. Be careful not to overdo this peculiarity; on the other hand, do not clip the vowel so short that the effect of the glide is lost.

4.  $\acute{A}$  before *r*, as in *cāre*, *fāir*, *āir*; also heard in *where*, *ne'er*, *Aaron*, *wear*, and similar words.

5.  $\bar{E}$ , short, as in *ēll*, *sēll*, *tēll*; also *many*, *bury*, *said*, *leopard*, *guess*.



6.  $\bar{A}$ , short, as in *ăn, căn, făn* : also *plaid, raillery*, etc.

Notice that we are studying the *sounds* not merely the letters, and that in English one letter has often many very different sounds, and one sound is often represented in many different ways.  $\bar{E}$ , for instance, is exactly like *i* in *fatigue*, *ua* in *quay*, *ei* in *deceive*, *eo* in *people*.  $\bar{I}$  is heard in *pretty, women, guinea, forfeit*.  $\bar{A}$  is heard in *gauge, vein, obey*. For that reason, we find it most convenient to call the sounds by their numbers rather than by their alphabetical names, thus, 1st or 2d sound, etc.

TO THE TEACHER :—These sounds follow each other in the order laid down by Prof. A. Melville Bell. From him I have also taken many of the illustrations. While no one pupil is deficient in all or many of these sounds, I have rarely found in my own experience a pupil who was perfect in every vowel. We have the testimony of no less a celebrity than Wendell Phillips to the practical value of careful drill in the elements of articulation. Occasional mistakes may be forgiven ; but habitual disregard of the fundamentals of good pronunciation is inexcusable. I have not attempted to arrange the sounds in the order of their difficulty for the reason that no arrangement could be made that would answer for all or even a majority of our pupils. Special exercises should be assigned to individuals who are greatly deficient. Such may be found in the works of Bell, Monroe, and others, and in various treatises on voice-culture, stammering, etc.

## LESSON XV.

### Emphasis.—*Continued.*

#### RULES FOR ANALYSIS.

I.—The emphatic word is the word that completes the new idea or picture.

##### EXAMPLES.

I watch the *mowers* as they go.

Henceforth let me not hear you *speak* of Mortimer.

—*Shakespeare.*

[Mortimer has already been spoken of in several preceding speeches (Henry IV., part 1.), otherwise the emphasis would fall on the name. See next rule.]

The clustered spires of *Frederick* stand.

—*Whittier.*

II.—A word once emphasized should not receive emphasis when repeated, unless it is repeated for intensity, or used with a new meaning.

##### EXAMPLES.

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most *true* ; true, I have *married* her, [not “*true* I have *married* her,”—the new idea is “*married*.”]

—*Shakespeare.*

MARULLUS. But what *trade* art thou? Answer me *directly*.  
[straightforwardly.]

2d CITIZEN. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a *safe conscience*; which is, indeed, sir, a *mender of bad soles*.

MARULLUS. What *trade*, thou knave? [emphasis for intensity.]  
thou *naughty knave*, what TRADE?

2d CITIZEN. Nay, I *beseech* you, sir, be not *out* with me; yet if you  
*be out*, sir, I can *mend* you.

—*Shakespeare.*

A *horse* a HORSE, [intensity] my KINGDOM for a horse.

—*Shakespeare.*

I *never* would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.

III.—No word that can be omitted and still leave the meaning of the phrase clear, is emphatic, unless the word is used for intensity. With this exception, that word is most emphatic, which, when left out, would most completely destroy the meaning of the phrase or sentence.

#### EXAMPLES.

True, I have married her.

Here it is evident that the omission of “married” would utterly obscure the meaning. We could say, “True, I have married,” and the meaning would be less obscure. “I have married her,” would not change the meaning in the least; “true—married her,” while not graceful nor good English, would still be understood in connection with the preceding portions of the speech.

I shall have nothing at all.

In this example the word that cannot be omitted is certainly "nothing;" yet we naturally throw the emphasis upon "all," a word that evidently is not necessary to the phrase, for, "I shall have nothing," would express the meaning quite as clearly. The reason for this apparent violation of our rule is that the expression "at all" is inserted especially for emphasis. Like "none whatever," it makes the idea more vivid. A good writer or speaker will use these expressions sparingly; they are like other extreme means for emphasis, allowable only when simpler ones fail.

We sometimes find two or more words combined to express what one cannot indicate fully. "Mender-of-bad-soles" is an example. "Nothing-at-all" might be considered as a similar combination. These groups are called "oratorical words," and are read as if they were compound words with the accent falling on the accented syllable of the last word, like "nevertheless," which is really a group of three words.

If the war must go on, why put off longer the *declaration of Independence*?

Yea, though I walk through the *valley-of-the-shadow-of-death*,  
I shall fear no evil.

Notice that in these sentences you will give a wrong impression if you emphasize only one of the italicized words. Of course, the unimportant words, *of*, *the*, *at*, and the like, are passed over lightly, just as if they were unaccented syllables of a long word.

## LESSON XVI.

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### For Independence of the Legs.

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#### EXERCISE I.

Standing in the Speaker's Position, carry the free foot forward as far as possible, that is, until the toe can barely touch the floor ; then carry the foot back in the same way. Be careful that the body does not twist around, nor move forward and back with the leg. Have no sense of effort anywhere.

#### EXERCISE II.

Carry the free foot out at the side, then across the body to the opposite side in the same manner as in Exercise I.

#### EXERCISE III.

Describe as great a part of a circle as possible with the free foot around the strong foot, the body remaining perfectly stationary.

Remember that the proper position of the body must be maintained without cramping the muscles or stiffening the joints, which would defeat the object of

all our exercises, which is to do everything as easily and gracefully as possible. Therefore, begin with slow movements and carry the foot to a moderate distance in each direction, increasing gradually both the rapidity and the extent of the action.

### The Vowels.—*Continued.*

7. *Ä* obscure. This is the sound that is heard in unaccented syllables as, for instance, *arrival*, *avenge*, *abominable*.

8. *Ä* intermediate. This sound is between the short, somewhat flat sound of *ä* in *än* or *ät*, and the so-called "Italian" sound of *ä* in *äh*, *fäther*. Examples: *ask*, *task*, *fast*, not *äsk*, *täsk*, *fäst*.

9. *Ä* in *fäther*, *märt*, *äh*, *pärt*; also heard in *havnt*, *hearty*, *guardian*.

Carefully distinguish between sounds 8 and 9. Practise all vocal exercises and inflections with each sound until it is always at command.

### Speech Gamut.



The voice should run up through the compass of at least an octave, with inflections as in speech. Let the upward movement be a question, and speak the downward series as if in answer to it. Breathe between the question and the answer. Practise later with similar groups in circumflexes. (See Lesson XXII.). Use all the vowels as well as groups of words. Enlarge the gamut as you gain in compass.

## LESSON XVII.

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### Rules for Emphasis.—*Continued.*

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IV.—Emphasis falls on the accented syllable of the word, except where the new idea is contained in an unaccented syllable.

#### EXAMPLE.

This should be *unaccented*.

V.—The fewer emphases you can give and still leave the meaning clear, the better.

Emphasis upon unimportant words tends to confuse the hearer. Lead directly up to the key-word of the phrase, and let whatever follows take its own course. Do not say, for instance, in the example quoted below, “I would *never lay down my* ARMS,” which would imply that you might do a great many other things equally as bad, possibly lay down your head; the thought is “never.”

*never*  
lay  
would down  
I my  
arms.

EXAMPLES.

Review Lessons III., VII., XIII., XV.

The old mayor   climbed the <i>belfry tower</i>	}	R. I.
The ringers   ran by <i>two</i> ,   by <i>three</i> ;		
<i>Pull</i>    if ye never pulled <i>before</i>		
Good ringers,   pull your BEST,   quoth he.		R. II.
Play <i>uppe</i> ,   play <i>uppe</i> ,   O <i>Boston bells</i>		R. II. Exception.
Play <i>all your changes</i>    all your <i>swells</i> ,		R. III.
Play uppe “ <i>The Brides of ENDERBY.</i> ”		R. III. Note.
— <i>Jean Ingelow.</i>		

Analyze also for inflection. Would the old mayor’s appeal be major or minor, and why?

The kettle began it! Don’t tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. (1) Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn’t say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. (2) I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp. (3) Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that I wouldn’t set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is (4) that the kettle began it at least five minutes before the cricket gave any sign of being-in-existence. (5) Contradict me, and I’ll say ten.—*Dickens.*

This is an example of colloquial speech, every-day conversation. It is animated, but not nearly so forcible as the preceding selection, which requires, here and there, very powerful emphasis. The style of delivery should be light and tripping, with much self-assertion. We are continually making contrasts between Mrs. Peerybingle and the writer or speaker, and between the kettle and the cricket. Bring out these contrasts with great earnestness.



(1) Would you say "*I know better*" or "*I know better*"? Why? (See Rule V.)

(2) "*I say the kettle did.*" (See Rule II.) Why?

(3) Point out the most emphatic word in this sentence, and tell why.

(4) "*And the fact is*" or "*and the fact is*"?

(5) Two words are especially emphatic here; which are they, and which of the two is the more emphatic, that is, the more important?

Which is the most emphatic word in the entire selection, and why?

You cannot, my lords, you cannot (1) conquer America. What is your present situation there? (2) We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot. Your attempts will be forever vain and impotent, doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hiring cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never!—*Lord Chatham.*

(1) This is the preferred emphasis. It brings out more strongly the feeling that conquest is impossible than repetition of the word with its ordinary accent could do. (See Rule IV.)

(2) "*Present*" or "*situation*"? why not "*there*"? Make this a study in pause as well, both for the separation of ideas and for emphasis.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

O green was the corn as I rode on my way,  
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,  
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,  
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,  
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud:  
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,  
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.—*Heber.*

Paul Revere was a rider bold—  
Well have his valorous deeds been told;  
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—  
Often has it been dwelt upon;  
But why should men do all the deeds  
On which the love of a patriot feeds?—*Will Carleton.*

If when I meet my brother man  
Adrift on life's uncertain sea,  
To him I give whate'er I can,  
The honor's not to me.

For God to me has freely given  
From out His bounteous store,  
So give I of the all I have,  
And only wish 'twere more.

And as I leave, with tearful eyes,  
My brother who to me was sent,  
I feel that God has, in disguise,  
Another blessing to me lent.

What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base or summit—that which it recedes from or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished

on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards ?—*E. P. Whipple.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

—*Bryant, "To a Waterfowl."*

Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?  
He yields not, he to man nor Fate !  
Thou add'st but fury to my hate ;  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared ? By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet-knight  
Who ill deserves my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady's hair.—*Scott.*

## LESSON XVIII.

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### Flexibility.—*Continued.*

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#### EXERCISE V.

##### *The Arms.*

Raise the arms straight above the head, with the palms up. Now relax them so that they fall of their own weight. If the arms are perfectly flexible and are not interfered with in any way, they will swing to and fro, pendulum-like, and come to rest gradually. Practise this until perfect flexibility is gained, but do not assist the movement by swinging the arms; they must be perfectly passive. If the clothing or the hips interfere with the arms, practise with one arm at a time, leaning the body over at the side sufficiently to give free play to the arm.

#### EXERCISE VI.

##### *The Arms.*

Standing in the Position of Respect, but with the feet a few inches apart to give greater firmness, turn the body on the ankles as far as possible from one

side to the other, keeping a perfectly upright position. This movement will throw the arms across the body and back. Practise slowly until you can keep the correct position of the body; then increase the rapidity until the arms are flung about with considerable violence. Keep the shoulders relaxed.

**The Vowels.**—*Continued.*

10. *Ē* or *ĩ* before *r* as in *věrgē, fĩrm, gĩrl, clērk*; also heard in *earn, guerdon*.

It is very difficult to describe this sound. The best that can be said is that it is not so heavy as the following sound (*û* in *ûrge*), yet is nearer to it than to the 9th sound (*üh*). We generally hear uncultivated speakers pronounce *clērk*, for instance, *clûrk*, while many give it the old-fashioned, quaint pronunciation of *clärk*, which prevails in England. *Ē* is about midway between these extremes. Do not say *gyurl* nor *gurl*, but *gĩrl*.

11. *Ů* in *ŭp* (short), or *û* in *ûrn* (long quantity of the same sound), *ûrge*; also heard in *world, blood, dungeon*.

12. *Ō* in *döll, nôt, öften*; also in *knöwledge*. Do not say *aufen* for *often*, *dawg* for *dog*, *Gaud* for *God*.

## LESSON XIX.

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### Breathing-Exercises.—*Continued.*

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#### Review Lesson IV.

##### EXERCISE IV.

(1) Place the hands on the upper part of the chest in front; (2) slowly inhale until the chest is expanded fully; (3) exhale the breath slowly, pressing in and down upon the chest with the hands as if to squeeze out the air. Do this slowly and very gently at first. (4) Inhale as if trying to press out the hands by means of the breath. Keep the shoulders very quiet.

Repeat the exercise several times.

##### EXERCISE V.

Place the hands at the sides under the armpits; breathe in the same way as in Exercise IV.

##### EXERCISE VI.

Place one hand in front and the other at the back; expand, etc., as before.

When pupils have the bad habit of lifting the shoulders in breathing, they should practise

## EXERCISE VII.

Seated in a chair, grasp the rounds at the sides in such a way that the arm is stretched fully and it is not possible for the shoulders to rise. In this position, take slow, full breaths, increasing the rapidity until it is possible to take a very short, quick breath without moving the shoulders.

TO THE TEACHER:—Breathing exercises are sometimes very exhausting to delicate pupils. Exercise the greatest caution with them, and remember that speedy and remarkable development is too often gained at the expense of vitality. The slowest growth is most permanent.

The Vowels.—*Continued.*

13. *Â* in *âll câll*; also heard in *taught, broad, thought*.

A curious blunder on the part of many speakers is to say “sawr” for *saw*, “mawr” for *maw*, while at the same time they are often careful to say “maw” for *more*. Make a careful distinction between words like *carves* and *calves* without overdoing the *r* sound; also in *orphan* and *often*, *coughing* and *coffin*.

14. *Ö* before *r* in *ör, nör*; also in *sewer, mower, oar, door, four*. This sound of *ö* is not the sound of *â*; it is nearer to long *ô*.

The following examples may be used, at the discretion of the teacher, as studies in emotional breathing. Notice that the centre of activity varies with each example, as does also the texture of the body.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN BREATHING.

Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them  
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our  
harvests.—*Longfellow*.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted up, ye ever-  
lasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the  
Lord mighty in battle.—*Bible*.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.  
—*Shakespeare*.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, he, he, he, he, he !

Alas ! Ah me !

Old Simon doth chuckle and crow, "Ho, ho,  
What, marry old Margery ? No, no, no !"

—*Old Song*.

Ay, de mi ! Like echoes falling,  
Sweet, and sad, and low,  
Voices come at night, recalling  
Years and years ago.—*Waller*.

It was the butcher's daughter, then,  
So slender and so fair,  
That sobbed as if her heart would break,  
And tore her yellow hair ;  
And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,  
Fast fell the tear-drops big :  
"Ah, woe is me ! Alas ! alas !  
The pig ! the pig ! the pig !" —*Holmes*.



"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig, "no more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson. Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"—*Dickens*.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"

"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"

"O God, grant they won't refuse!"

"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"

"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then;

When a nation's life's at hazard

We've no time to think of men!"

—"The Independence Bell."

I am the God Thor, I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress, reign I forever.

Jove is my brother; mine eyes are the lightning;  
The wheels of my chariot roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer ring in the earthquake!

—*Longfellow*.

Thick-sprinkled bunting! flag of stars!  
Long yet your road, fateful flag—long yet your road, and lined  
with bloody death;  
For the prize I see at issue at last is the world.  
All its ships and shores I see interwoven with your threads,  
greedy banner;  
Dream'd again the flags of kings, highest borne, to flaunt un-  
rivall'd?  
O hasten, flag of man!—O with sure and steady step, passing  
highest flags of kings,  
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol—run up above  
them all,  
Flag of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!—*Walt Whitman*.

## LESSON XX.

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### The Language of the Body.

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#### *PANTOMIMIC EXPRESSION.*

The body, as well as the voice, is a means of expression ; and its language, which we call **pantomime**, is even more effective than speech. "Actions speak louder than words," says the proverb. You cannot say "I love you," and persuade anybody that you mean it, if your face wears an ugly scowl or your fist threatens mischief. The body is the outward manifestation of the soul within and faithfully indicates every emotion, however slight. Nor do these manifestations entirely disappear with the emotion that causes them. Every disagreeable or evil passion is registered upon the organism, until the frequent scowl or sneer becomes a permanent disfigurement of the face, or the slouchy, careless carriage of the body becomes a habit and, finally, a bearing, which is a true index of the lazy or careless spirit within. On the other hand, a happy disposition or a truly brave spirit shows itself in the open countenance or manly bearing.

The attitude or action of the body has a marked

effect upon the voice. If you sing the syllable *ah* with an open, relaxed face and easy position and then with a frown and the fists clinched, you will notice a decided difference in the quality of the tone. Not only does the mind help to form the body, but pantomimic expression affects the mind or soul. If you remain for a little time in an attitude expressive of deep dejection, you will feel, in a greater or less degree, a corresponding mental condition; while a buoyant, strong attitude will often act as a tonic to mind as well as to body.

The speaker should have at his command a wide range of attitudes and actions and a thorough knowledge of the meaning of what he does, as well as of what he says. Every action of the body has a definite meaning, and when we are not embarrassed we express ourselves naturally by means of these actions; but on coming before an audience, or even when rehearsing in private, we become self-conscious and constrained. The practice of exercises in pantomimic expression, however, enables us to feel that sense of repose and freedom that always comes with knowledge of our resources and perfect command of them.

We cannot take up in this little book all the actions and attitudes, but will endeavor to select those most useful for our present needs.

We will consider the body, for convenience, in four divisions: The **trunk** or **torso**, as artists call it, the **head**, the **legs**, and the **arms**.

The **TORSO** is the centre from which all gestures or actions proceed. It must maintain the dignity of the body, and does not condescend to great variety of action.

The **CHEST**, which is its upper part, sympathizes with the condition of the mind to a great extent, however, expanding with strong conditions and noble emotions, and contracting or becoming passive in weak or ignoble conditions.

The **SHOULDERS** rise more or less under the influence of emotion, according to the degree of its strength. In joy, for instance, the shoulders are elevated considerably, while in great fear or terror they rise to an extreme height and come forward as if to shield the head, which, at the same time, is drawn down between them. In despair or sorrow, the shoulders, like the chest, relax. In defiance or anger, they are drawn back, while the chest expands as if to resist a blow. The shrug of the shoulders, if made slowly, indicates resignation—"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug," says old Shylock. When made quickly it carries the opposite meaning, impatience or contempt. Avoid shrugging the shoulders, except when the expression absolutely requires it. Among refined people the shrug is considered vulgar and often impertinent.

The **HIPS** pushed out in front express pomposity, vulgar pride, or self-assertion; drawn back they indicate timidity, deference, humility. The proper and normal attitude of the hips is just midway between these extremes.

## LESSON XXI.

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### The Torso.

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#### EXAMPLES.

#### *Chest and Shoulders.*

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And dar'st thou, then, to beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?—*Scott.*

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!—*Longfellow.*

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said :  
“ Open; 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?”  
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,  
“ This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!”  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide.—*Longfellow.*

The second and fourth lines of this last selection are examples of what we call **impersonation**; that is, speaking or acting not in our own but in another's character. Here you impersonate King Robert and afterward the sexton. Where, as in this example, description of an action or condition is followed by its representation,

as in lines 1, 2, 3, and 4, we save our action for the portion where we impersonate. When the lines are descriptive only, however, we accompany the description with the appropriate action, as in line 5, where it is very effective to imitate, or rather suggest, the turning of the huge key and the opening of the heavy door, while we describe those actions.

He stops—will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,  
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.—*Stansbury*.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.—*Coleridge*.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stopped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say: "It's such a comfort to see you, Auntie Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs: "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."—*Dallas*.

NEPHEW. A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!  
SCROOGE. Bah! humbug!—*Dickens*.

### *The Hips.*

I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear,  
(Louder! speak louder! who the deuce can hear?)  
I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay;  
Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!—*Holmes*.

**FALSTAFF.** I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus [*taking attitude of fencer*] I bore my point.

—*Shakespeare.*

**FALSTAFF.** Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent; should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.—*Shakespeare.*

We are very 'umble here, Mister Copperfield.—*Dickens.*

Work out the proper attitudes for these examples by referring to the suggestions in Lesson XX. Of course, there are many actions of the head, feet, and arms that would be necessary to their full expression. These, however, we must leave for the future.

Attitudes in many cases become habits, and are then called bearings. For instance, a pompous individual would carry the hips forward; while a timid or very deferential person would draw the hips back. Aunt Doleful carries her body in quite a different manner from Marmion or Douglas, even when moved by no particular emotion, because the doleful condition of mind has become a habit and is reflected in the outward appearance. We have three sorts of pantomimic expression:

**Actions or gestures**, which are momentary.

**Attitudes or positions**, which last for a longer or shorter time, but disappear when the emotion changes.

**Bearings**, which are permanent habits of carrying the body or the limbs, and indicate peculiarities of disposition or mind.

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## LESSON XXII.

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### **Inflections.**—*Continued.*

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Beside the simple rising and falling inflections we have various combinations of rising and falling which are called **circumflex inflections**. Circumflex inflections are always used when we wish to say something that the words themselves do not express. We often say, "oh, yes" or "oh, no" when it is clear that we mean just the opposite, and this meaning is conveyed to the listener by a circumflex inflection. Here follow a number of examples for practice. Try to put into each the meaning that is indicated. Suppose in reply to a question like "will you do it?" the answer "of course" is given, it may have many meanings, as will be seen.

#### EXAMPLES.

"Of course," with simple falling inflection, meaning exactly what it says, "I will."

"Of course," with surprise, giving "course" with much higher pitch and a slight circumflex turn, meaning "how could you suppose I would do anything else?"



"Of course," with contempt, "why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"Of course," with a sigh, "I suppose I must."

"Of course," with sarcasm (double circumflex), meaning "that is about the last thing I would do."

The question may be asked in many ways also, *e.g.*, with reproach, "will *you*" (of whom I thought better things); with contempt, "you are a likely person to undertake it;" with joy, surprise, etc.

"Ah!" Calling some one at a distance.

"Ah!" Minor, "come help me."

"Ah?" Surprise, with rising inflection, "is it really so?" For information.

"Ah!" Surprise, with falling inflection, "is it possible!" "well you do astonish me!"

"Ah!" Playfully, "now I've caught you;" "I see through you."

"Ah!" Playfully, but with rising inflection, "did you think you could catch me?"

"Oh!" Distress, pain.

"Oh!" Meaning, "that relieves my mind;" "that satisfies me;" "that alters the question."

"Oh!" "For shame!"

"Yes." Simple assertion, falling inflection.

"Yes." Indifferently, "I don't care particularly about it, but if you wish it I will."

"Yes." "I suppose I must."

"Yes." Joyfully, "I am glad to;" "of course I will, with pleasure."

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spoke aside:  
"The little witch is evil-eyed!  
Her mōther only killed a cōw,  
Or witched a chûrn or dâiry pan;  
But shê, forsooth, must charm a mân."—*Whittier.*

Oh, then, I see Queen Mah hath been with you.—*Shakespeare.*

Circumflex inflections are either **rising** or **falling**, that is, conclude with a rising or a falling inflection.

The rising inflections start from a high pitch, move downward and conclude with an upward turn.

The falling inflections start from below, move upward and conclude with a downward turn.

## EXAMPLES.

Ah )<sup>ah</sup> ( ah !      Ah )<sup>ah</sup> ( ah ?

Practise these sounds with slight separation at first and then connect them with precisely the same melody.

We have also the **double circumflex**, used in sarcasm, irony, and the like.

Hath a dōg monēy ? Is it possible

A cūr can lend three thousand ducats ?—*Shakespeare.*

The rising or falling circumflex inflections are governed by the same laws as the simple inflections ; that is, the rising slides inquire, express deference to the will of the listener, even if it be mock deference, indifference, indecision, doubt, or timidity ; the falling circumflexes are positive, decided, complete.

The Vowels.—*Continued.*

15. *Ō* in *old*, *beau*, *throe*.

16. *Ū* in *pūll*, *fūll*; also heard in *wolf*, *foot*.

17. *Ô Ô* in *pôôl*; also in *rude*, *rule*, *shoe*, *you*, *cruise*.

From 12 on, we notice a gradual protrusion of the lips, until in 17 we reach the last of our vowel-sounds, where the lips are pursed together to a considerable extent. Try to get these sounds with as little lip-action as possible.

TO THE TEACHER:—I have indicated in this lesson an interesting and valuable exercise. Let the pupils practise on simple exclamations and calls like “oh!” “oh, dear!” “come here!” “John!” “ah!” etc. Have them also try to discover the elliptical meaning of impromptu exclamations by the teacher. Many excellent examples may be found in Bell’s “Principles of Elocution.” I do not, however, advise the use of marks to indicate the direction of the inflection, except occasionally by way of analogy, for the reason that they tend at first to confuse the student, and afterward to cause him to rely over-much upon the external, mechanical form of the slide, rather than upon the inner, mental condition that should prompt it. In other words, his reading is apt to be more mechanical than if he discarded all mechanical aids and relied solely upon his art instinct. Again, it is impossible to indicate the more minute shades of inflection that belong to truly natural expression; so that, after all, any notation falls short of absolute fidelity to nature. Since it is almost impossible to indicate to the eye, even approximately, the nicer shades of meaning, and since, also, the average inexperienced pupil makes a very poor connection in his mind between a mark on the black-board and a sound in his ear, and therefore is quite as likely to be misled as helped by such marks, it is better to rely upon the ear and the intelligence altogether. The meaning of an ordinary inflection is patent to any intelligent child, and when once the meaning of an inflection is understood, it is usually conveyed with perfect accuracy. See that pupils do not cramp the throat. Use these inflections for vocal practice; nothing can be better for flexibility of the speaking-voice. Make all exercises in inflection mental. A word of warning should be given regarding a very common error in teaching vowel-production, and an error, too, which has the sanction of high authority, yet which, nevertheless, should be carefully avoided by the progressive teacher. I refer to the exaggerated mouthing of the vowels. Doubtless the majority of teachers who read this are familiar with diagrams in which *ah*, *e*, and *oo* seem intended as examples of facial distortion, rather than as exercises in intonation. Not only are these gapings, grinnings and poutings useless for the purposes for which they are given, but the faithful student

who practises them persistently will find, perhaps too late, that they tend to render all facial expression absolutely abnormal. My own experience as teacher and pupil long ago led me to discard this and similar exaggerations of normal actions, not only in articulation, but in expression everywhere.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man and never fails to see a bad one. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: Yes—on Sundays. Mr. B has just joined the church: Certainly; the elections are coming on. Such a man is generous—of other men's money. This man is obliging—to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright—because he is green.—*Beecher.*

BRUTUS.                      What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.—*Shakespeare.*

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:  
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"—*Tennyson.*

Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday? Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yes, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.—*Shakespeare.*

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"  
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!  
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—  
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"

—*Trowbridge.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree.

—*Shakespeare.*

MARULLUS. You, sir: what trade are you?

2D CITIZEN. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2D CIT. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MAR. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2D CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MAR. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2D CIT. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.—*Shakespeare.*

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.—*Burns.*

## LESSON XXIII.

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### The Legs.

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The legs are, as we know, the agents by which we advance or retreat from objects about us, and their attitudes indicate our relations with surrounding persons or things.

We know that usually the body should rest upon one foot ; sometimes, however, the weight is equally upon both feet. We will consider both conditions.

#### *Weight on One Foot.*

We go towards objects that attract us or that we wish to influence ; we draw back from things that displease or repel us. Hence, sympathy, attraction, animation, joy, and all expansive feelings, menace, attack, and pursuit, call for attitudes in which the weight is upon the advanced foot, that is, upon the foot that is supposed to be nearest the object of the action.

Antipathy, repulsion, melancholy, indifference, reflection, concentration, defence, defiance, etc., require the opposite attitude, where the weight is upon the

retired foot, that farthest from the object exciting the emotion.

When the body has a position suitable to the exercise of great effort, as, for instance, with the feet firmly braced to resist a blow, it is said to be in a **strong position**. When the body does not offer great resistance, as when the feet are near together, or when the weight is entirely on one foot with the free leg weak, as in the Speaker's Position, the attitude is said to be **weak**.

### *Laws of Attitude.*

**I.—Conscious strength assumes weak positions ; conscious weakness assumes strong positions.**

When the feet are wide apart, the body is said to have a strong or broad base, when the feet are near together, a weak base.

**II.—In proportion to the degree of energy will be the strength of the base.**

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

**LAW I.**—A speaker coming before an audience in a timid frame of mind would naturally try to hide his condition ; and, in so doing, would stand in a very strong attitude, as much as to say : “I am not afraid ;” while one accustomed to public appearance, and fully confident of his control over his body, would assume the most easy and graceful position at his command. A blustering bully would plant his legs wide apart, and, in other ways which we have marked

out elsewhere, indicate to an experienced observer that he was assuming a bravery that he really did not possess; while his antagonist, if cool and collected, would stand in an attitude of comparative weakness, with weight resting lightly on one foot.

LAW II.—The attitude of respect is unemotional; but if you were in that attitude, and suddenly saw something that interested you, you would advance, and, if very much excited, might fairly spring toward it. So your attitude when standing still would express strong excitement, just in proportion to its similarity to the same expression of the legs and feet when in motion.

### *Weight on Both Feet.*

With the feet as in walking, expresses suspense, uncertainty, as if you did not know whether to advance or retreat. With the feet wide apart sideways, expresses vulgar ease, familiarity, pomposity, arrogance. With the feet near together, expresses timidity, respect, subordination, weakness.

### *Sitting.*

Under like conditions, the attitudes of the feet when sitting are the same as in standing. For instance, in animated attention the feet would be well apart, one foot being under the chair, perhaps, as if you were about to spring from your seat, which is just what you would do if your excitement became very great.



## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN ATTITUDE.

It does not matter how little or how much any of us have read either of Homer or Shakespeare; everything round us, in substance or in thought, has been moulded by them. All Greek gentlemen were educated under Homer; all Roman gentlemen by Greek literature; all Italian and French and English gentlemen by Roman literature and by its principles. Of the scope of Shakespeare, I will say only that the intellectual measure of every man since born in the domains of creative thought may be assigned to him according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare.—*Ruskin*.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—*Scott*.

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them step forth!"—*Kellogg*.

It is an ancient mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three:  
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now, wherefore stop'st thou me?"

He holds him with his skinny hand:  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hands off, unhand me, greybeard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand drops he.—*Coleridge*.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are,  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears at rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
crest.—*Macaulay.*

He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.—*Willis.*

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?  
And why does thy nose look so blue?"—

"'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new. Well-a-day!"

—*Old Song.*

In there came old Alice, the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;

"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked!" said Alice, the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair:

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,

"And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,

"I speak the truth—you are my child."—*Tennyson.*

## LESSON XXIV.

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### Articulation.—*Continued.*

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### *The Vowels.—Continued.*

We have now gone through the list of simple vowel-sounds ;—all other vowels are combinations of some of these. *ī* is 9–1 blended, thus, *ah-e* ; *ow* in *now* is 9–17 ; *oi* in *oil* is 13–1 ; *ū* is 1–17, except when it follows *r*, when it has the sound 17 alone, as in *rule*, *true*. Careless speakers often say “flood” when they mean *flute*, “dooty” for *duty*, and so on. No one, however, says “poo” for *pew*, nor “foo” for *few*, though there is equally good reason for such pronunciation. One of the marks of a well-educated person is his careful enunciation of this much-abused vowel *u*.

When a vowel occurs in an unaccented syllable, it is not pronounced with such care and exactness as when it receives the accent ; for instance, we say *syl'-la-b'l*, not *syl'-lā-b'ēl*. The vowels in the second and third syllables here are said to be **obscure**, because it is not always easy to determine which sound is

given. If our example were spelt "syllibul," it would make scarcely a perceptible difference in the sound of the word. These obscure sounds are generally indicated in dictionaries by a single dot under the vowel.

The only rule for the pronunciation of obscure vowels is to make the sound as nearly like the full sound as is possible without seeming stilted.

The articles, personal pronouns, conjunctions, and short prepositions like *of*, *to*, *from*, and *for*, are always obscure, except when they are emphatic. Thus, when we say, "*give* it to me," we give the *e* in *me* its obscure sound (2d vowel), like *i* in *pin*; but when we say "give it to *me*," we give it its long sound (1st vowel). Nor do we say *to* (*tōō*), but almost *tū* (11th vowel). Treat such words, as regards pronunciation, exactly like the unaccented syllables in words. To be over exact and pedantic would often alter the meaning of the sentence, as in the illustration above.

### *The Consonants.*

The **consonants** are formed by the action of the tongue, palate, and lips. The following consonants are made by compressing the lips and then separating them by a quick recoil and relaxation, *b*, *p*. Do not give the consonants their name-sounds in practising, thus: *bē*, *pē*.

Combine these and all following consonants with each of the seventeen vowel-sounds.

TO THE TEACHER :—Rhythmical exercises like the following will be found useful in attaining flexibility and accuracy in the use of the agents of articulation :

In common time:  $\overset{3}{\text{Bā bā bā}}, \overset{3}{\text{bā bā bā}}, \overset{3}{\text{bā bā bā}}, \text{bā}$ . Repeat three times, sustaining the last *bā* a full beat, making a succession of three triplets and a quarter note; the last time sustain the final *bā* as long as possible.

In common time:  $\overset{4}{\text{Bā bā bā bā}}, \overset{4}{\text{bā bā bā bā}}, \overset{4}{\text{bā bā bā bā}}, \text{bā}$ , as if there were three groups of sixteenth notes, and a quarter note. Distinguish carefully between successions of *bā* and of *āb*, *pā* and *āp*. Careless practice will result in something like *āb ā bā bā bā bā*, etc. This caution applies to many other combinations.

## LESSON XXV.

### The Head.

The head has gestures and attitudes. The gestures of the head are few but full of meaning. The common ones are the nod, meaning yes ; the shake of the head, meaning no ; and a contemptuous fling of the head to one side, which latter, like a shrug of contempt, which it usually accompanies, is to be avoided, except when absolutely necessary to the expression.

The attitudes or positions of the head are more numerous and important than are its gestures. We find nine fundamental positions of the head.

I.—*The Head Erect.* (Fig. 8.)

This is the attitude of simple attention without sympathy. We find it in the attitude of Respect (Lesson VI.). As a bearing or habit, it indicates strong vitality, consciousness of power. Be careful that the position of the body, either in sitting or standing, corresponds to that of the head, so far as your knowledge goes.



FIG. 8.

II.—*The Head Bowed.* (Fig. 9.)

This indicates one of two conditions: Either the mind is so occupied that the attention is drawn away from surrounding things; or, we are submitting ourselves to some one or something more powerful than ourselves; we say, for instance, "man must bow to the inevitable."

This, then, is the expression of reflection, thought, mental concentration, or of respect and submission. As a bearing, the bowed head might indicate a thoughtful character, or a very humble, abject person. What would be the difference in the bearing of the hips and chest?



FIG. 9.

The ordinary bow means that you place yourself at the service of the person you salute. You are, for the time, his "humble servant." The attitude of the body will vary with the condition you wish to represent.



FIG. 10.

III.—*The Head Lifted.* (Fig. 10.)

The head is lifted in joy, animation, exultation, vehemence, expressions of pride, superiority, and the like, and, as a bearing, would indicate similar mental characteristics.

IV.—*The Head Pivoted.* (Fig. 11.)

The head pivoted or turned toward an object or person shows a feeling of attraction ; turned from, that is, in an opposite direction, the pivot indicates dislike, repulsion, aversion. This is not a bearing ; people do not go about habitually with the head turned to one side.



FIG. 11.

## EXAMPLES.

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu. [Speaker's Position.]

"Though something I might 'plain," he said,  
Of cold respect to stranger guest  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
Part we in friendship from your land

} I.

And 'noble earl, receive my hand." II. [But with coldness.]

—Scott.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,  
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,  
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,  
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

This selection would be begun in the attitude of conscious power (I.), and gradually develop into

(III.) that of conscious superiority, at the words "royal in a land beyond your sceptre." Of course, a conventional bow at the words "my liege" would be very appropriate. Also, the head might pivot (IV.) toward the imaginary "office," "lands," and "coffers;" but such movements would be very slight, and are not necessary.

To be—or not to be—that is the question. II.

—*Shakespeare.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are ! III.

—*Macaulay.*

NEPHEW. A merry Christmas, uncle ! God save you ! III.

SCROOGE. Bah ! humbug !—*Dickens.* IV.

Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness, say this :  
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;  
You spurned me such a day ; another time  
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies ?"—*Shakespeare.*

Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,

As to dive to the howling charybdis below ?—*Schiller.*

Here the head will pivot from side to side, as the king glances over the assembled courtiers, while his bearing may be either I. or III., more likely the latter, as he is rather a haughty individual. This is an example of the combination of two attitudes.

Remember that there are many degrees to all actions and attitudes, and that you must exercise sufficiently good taste to avoid overdoing on the one hand and tameness on the other.



## LESSON XXVI.

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### Articulation.—*Continued.*

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With the lips closed we have one other sound, *m*, sometimes called a nasal consonant, because its sound escapes through the nostrils. It is in reality a humming sound, and is one of the few consonants that may be sustained for an indefinite time.

*F* and *v* are formed by pressing the lower lip against the teeth.

*W*, in *wine*, *wh*, in *whine*, are formed by rounding the lips somewhat, as in the formation of the vowel *ōō*. *Wh* is really *hw*; we say *hwen*, *hwine*, not *w-hen*, *w-hine*.

With the tongue in various positions we form the following consonants :

*T*, *d*, by the recoil of the tip of the tongue from the upper teeth.

*L*, *n*, by keeping the tip of the tongue in its position against the upper teeth, but more relaxed than in *t* and *d*. *N* is the nasal sound in this position.

*R* is formed in two ways: With the tip of the tongue very much relaxed we get what is commonly

called the trilled or rough *r*; with the tongue curving inward gently, but without any vibration of the tip, we have the smooth or glide *r*, in *care*, *car*, *culture*, etc. Be sure to give this smooth *r* its true value; do not say *câh*, *căh*, *cultcha*.

With the tip of the tongue between the teeth we get *th*, in *thin*, *myth*; *th*, soft, in *this*, *with*, *beneath*.

#### Vocal Exercises.—*Continued.*

#### EXERCISE IV.

##### *For Speaking Without Waste of Breath.*

With face and throat perfectly relaxed, take a firm, solid breath and call out suddenly and rather forcibly “hä!” As you make the sound, expand the waist slightly. Practise this, holding the flame of a candle near the mouth. If more breath is used than is necessary, the flame will flicker as you make the sound; but when absolute control is gained, it will remain perfectly steady. Of course, the flame will be disturbed when the breath escapes after the exercise; do not mind that.

Use other vowel-sounds in the same way.

Make a succession of sounds with one breath, as many as you can, and in various rhythms.

## EXAMPLES FOR VOCAL PRACTICE.

Airy, fairy Lillian,  
 Flitting, fairy Lillian,  
 When I ask her if she love me,  
 Claps her tiny hands above me,  
   Laughing all she can;  
 She'll not tell me if she love me,  
 Cruel little Lillian.—*Tennyson*.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
   Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Pointing tails and pricking whiskers,  
   Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,  
 Followed the Piper for their lives.—*Browning*.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hailstones,  
 Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,—  
 Now in twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,  
 Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—  
 Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,  
 Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;  
 Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,  
 Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.—*Stacy*.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.  
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.  
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes!  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.—*Shakespeare*.

In the following examples study the pantomimic as well as the vocal expression, giving especial attention to the attitudes of the head. (See Lessons XXV. and XXVII.)

Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands,  
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!  
Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice no more!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes  
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear  
And shouted: "Rustum!"—*Matthew Arnold.*

I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius!"  
As a sick girl.—*Shakespeare.*

So you beg for a story, my darlings,  
My brown-eyed Leopold,  
And you, Alice, with face like morning,  
And curling locks of gold.  
Then come, if you will, and listen—  
Stand close beside my knee—  
To a tale of the Southern city,  
Proud Charleston by the sea.

—*M. A. P. Stansbury.*

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—bird thou never wert—  
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

—*Shelley, "The Skylark."*

## LESSON XXVII.

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### Attitudes of the Head.—*Continued.*

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#### V.—*The Head Inclined* (Fig. 12)

Indicates ease, trustfulness, familiarity, or indifference. When the head is inclined toward a person or object it indicates affectionate or trustful attention. When the head inclines in the opposite direction from the object at which the speaker is looking, it indicates distrust, or criticism. When the eye also is turned away, the expression is of great indifference, inattention.



FIG. 12.

As a bearing, the head may sway from side to side, in which case it indicates self-esteem, indifference to others, egotism, or merely an easy-going nature, according to the degree of the movement. The head inclined habitually to one side is indicative of a sentimental nature, apt to be indiscriminately trustful. Very great inclination denotes a degree of mental weakness. Usually this attitude is an affectation.

VI.—*The Head Advanced* (Fig. 13)

indicates eagerness, curiosity, and sometimes threatening. This also may be a bearing.

VII.—*The Head Drawn Back* (Fig. 14)

indicates surprise, suspicion, harsh moods of the mind, like hatred, fear, anger or disgust. As a bearing it denotes characteristics of a like unpleasant nature.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

VIII.—*The Head Hanging* (Fig. 15)

indicates shame, despair, or bodily weakness. The hang of the head differs from the bow in that all the muscles of the neck relax and the head drops lifelessly forward, while in the bow the neck yields but a very little at the most. As a bearing this would indicate weakness as of a very old man, an invalid, or an imbecile.

IX.—*The Head Thrown Back* (Fig. 16)

indicates prostration, agony either of mind or of body. We seldom have use for so extreme an attitude as this,

but quite often make a similar movement to express disgust or weariness, throwing back the head as if seeking to rest it on an imaginary pillow or on the shoulder.



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

## EXAMPLES.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,  
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire. V.

—*Shakespeare.*

Here is a beautiful example of the indifferent inclination and action of the head in the first two lines, changing to the affectionate bearing as the anger of Brutus gradually melts.

Who is it leans from the belfry with face upturned to the sky,  
 Clings to a column and measures the dizzy height with his eye? VI.

—*Stansbury.*

How like a fawning publican he looks. V., VII.

—*Shakespeare.*

Here Shylock's expression is a mixture of suspicion and jealousy, and the attitude of the head should cor-

respond. The head will not only incline away but be drawn back from Antonio, whose approach he is watching.

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast  
And meekly answered him [VIII.] "Thou knowest best;  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"—*Longfellow.*

Oh, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit. IX.

—*Shakespeare.*

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world. IX.

—*Shakespeare.*

In practising these attitudes, always try to feel the corresponding emotion. Take a sentence like "what shall I do," and give it with each attitude, expressing by your voice, as well, the different meanings that it would have.

Thus, with I. the question would be simply for information, or to express willingness to perform what might be required.

With II. it should express submission (willing or unwilling) or great courtesy; or it might be reflective in character, or indicate that you are greatly perplexed.

With III. it might express joyous willingness,—  
"how can I best show my pleasure?"

With IV. it would indicate a degree of uncertainty if you pivoted the head from side to side; or a great



degree of attention if the head were quiet; or you might express contempt by turning the head away,—“how shall I get rid of this fellow?”

With V. indifference, or trustful affection might be shown in the voice.

With VI. and VII. the meanings would be obvious.

With VIII. it would express despair or shame.

With IX. it would indicate either agony, or terrible mental suffering; or, if given with but partial relaxation, weariness or disgust.

TO THE TEACHER:—Be careful that the pupils do not mix the attitudes in practising, as, for instance, bowing and hanging, lifting and throwing back, pivoting and inclining. At the same time, do not forget that many of these attitudes may be legitimately combined. Space will not allow of indicating or exemplifying these here, but it will be found very useful to work out such combinations, with their appropriate definitions, as, for instance, inclining and bowing toward the object denotes trustful submission, while the opposite inclination would indicate distrustful submission.

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## LESSON XXVIII.

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### Climax.

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We have studied the relations of the words in a phrase. It remains now to show that the phrases in a sentence are related to one another, just as the words in a phrase are; that sentences, again, combine in groups, of which one will be the most important; that, again

these groups or paragraphs bear similar relations to one another. So we shall find, in every piece that we study, one paragraph that is the most important, one sentence in that paragraph that is the most important, one phrase in that sentence and one word in that phrase that is the most important of all. When we arrive at this word we have reached the **climax** of that particular piece.

We speak of a word being emphatic, and of other words in the phrase as being subordinate to that word. Just as we have a series of emphatic words more or less subordinate to the principal emphatic word in a sentence, so we have subordinate climaxes in pieces of considerable length.

## ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLE.

	blocks	stones	you	worse	than	senseless	things!
you		you		.			

—*Shakespeare.*

Here are three emphatic words in as many phrases. Each phrase starts a little higher than the preceding. Each emphatic word is further from the subordinate word that precedes it. "You worse than senseless things" is the climax, and, of course, "blocks" and "stones" are emphases subordinate to "worse," as are their respective phrases to the last phrase.

The well-known oration of Mark Antony is a splendid illustration of a series of climaxes, culminating at

the very last line. Often the principal climax will be followed by subordinate passages, but a truly dramatic outburst leaves the audience at the highest pitch of emotion. After a subordinate climax, there should be a period of comparatively quiet expression, gradually culminating in another strongly emphatic passage.

Just as a painter gets his effects of light by putting surrounding objects more or less in shadow, so we intensify our climax by using moderation in the passages that precede and follow it. In the above example, if all our force of emphasis were expended upon "you blocks," there would be nothing left to give added strength to what follows; and if a passage of this kind were of any great length, the reader would be exhausted before reaching the end, and unable even to sustain what force he had already given, the result of which would be an anti-climax, which is usually either very painful to the listener or very ridiculous.

"King Robert of Sicily," "Catiline's Defiance," "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "The Vagabonds," "Bay Billy," and similar selections, are good examples of a succession of climaxes.

The means for attaining this effect are various, depending upon the kind of emotion portrayed. Sometimes the climax is attained simply by high pitch, sometimes by force, and again by sinking the voice and reducing its volume to a whisper. We will discuss some of these means in the following lessons. In the

meantime, analyze some of the selections mentioned above, bearing in mind that the rules for emphasis given in previous lessons apply exactly as well to phrases, sentences and paragraphs as to words.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil.  
Come away, come away, hark to the summons!  
Come in your war array, gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky;  
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlocky.  
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended,  
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:  
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume blended with heather!  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset. —*Scott.*

“Young men, ahoy there!”

“What is it?”

“The rapids are below you!”

“Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us.  
What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient  
for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may;  
will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough  
to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the  
current.”

“Young men, ahoy!”

“What is it?”

“Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!”

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you

pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon thy brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, “When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!”—*John B. Gough.*

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## LESSON XXIX.

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### The Eye.

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The eye is the leader in all expression. If we wish to direct attention toward anything about us, we must first look at it ourselves; if we feel emotion of any sort, the first manifestation of it is seen in the eye. To be exact, we should treat of the actions of the lids and brows separately from those of the eye proper; but for convenience we will consider the eye as comprising the upper and lower lids, the eye proper, and the eyebrows above.

The eye in its normal condition, looking straight forward, indicates calmness, confidence, equality with the person toward whom we gaze. The eye lifted, looking upward, indicates calm and confident regard of something superior to ourselves; looking downward indicates regard of an inferior. We call these the **direct** actions of the eye.

Starting from the normal size, the eye opens wider,

through the following degrees: (1) animated attention; (2) surprise, pain, fear; (3) frenzy. The eye contracts through (1) indifference; (2) slyness, craftiness, scrutiny, antagonism, to (3) sleep, or death. With all, except the last, we may have the three regards of the eye; that is, we may look toward a superior, an equal, or an inferior with hatred, indifference, animation, or whatever may be the emotion required.

The position of the eyebrows would sometimes be parallel with the upper lid, as in surprise, when both lid and brow rise, or in opposition, as in horror. In extreme terror the eyebrows rise. In threatening anger, physical pain, the brows contract; they contract with less intensity in puzzled thought, application. The brows rise in surprise, patient endurance, suffering.

The **indirect** eye, as it is called, that is, the eye not looking straight forward, up or down, but more or less sideways, like the indirect inflections of the voice, has a double meaning. With the eye indirect we look at an object with suspicion, fear, affection, indifference, railery, or various other emotions, according to the attitude of the head. For instance, the indirect eye with the head inclined toward an object, indicates not merely attention, but attention to some one or some thing we are attracted to; with the head in the opposite direction the indirect eye is suspicious, fearful, or, at least, critical. It will be seen that the attitudes of the head must be carefully studied before we can have certainty in determining the meaning of a glance. The indirect eye may be normal, lifted, or lowered, as well as the direct eye.

The various attitudes of the head combine with and modify the meaning of the direct eye in many instances. Thus, with the head drawn back we would have harsh regard, of superior, inferior or equal, as the case might be; with the head lifted, adoration or contempt, according to the direction of the eye, etc.

*Bowing.*

In bowing to an audience the head bends, then the torso inclines slightly; the torso first returns to an erect position, then the head follows. Be careful to observe this order. The attitude of respect is, of course, the proper one for the legs. Do not bend the knees. Glance about the room as you bow, or else bow several times, *i. e.*, to right, to left, and in front; the first method is much the better.

A lady's bow may have a suggestion of the courtesy, carrying the free foot back and then retiring the weight to the free foot, with a slight bend of the retired knee.

TO THE TEACHER:—The hints given above regarding the combinations of head and eye will suggest to the earnest teacher a broad field for investigation. How far the student may be allowed to work out these problems will depend upon his natural ability and mental advancement. The teacher can demand as much or as little of independent investigation as he deems fit. I have usually found, however, that pupils who are sufficiently advanced to comprehend this work at all take delight in such problems, and derive much greater benefit from original investigation than from merely learning what is already laid down for them. The order of movement in attention is, first, eye, then head; but in declamation and dialogues, where the action is determined and studied beforehand, pupils are very apt to make a mechanical turn of the head in inverse order: first, head, then eye. To overcome this may require much patience; but the habit must be conquered before the pupil proceeds further in pantomime.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

KING HENRY. My blood has been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
As you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience; but be sure  
I will, from henceforth, rather be myself  
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WORCESTER. Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

My good lord——

KING. Worcester, get thee gone; for do I see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us: when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit WORCESTER.*]  
[*To NORTH.*] You were about to speak.

—*Shakespeare, "Henry IV.," Part I.*

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

—*Scott.*

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!—*Poe.*



## LESSON XXX.

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### Rhythm.

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In our first studies in emphasis we noticed that the important word of the phrase was often dwelt upon, while the subordinate words were spoken more rapidly in comparison. For instance, "I stood on the bridge," if spoken naturally, would exhibit quite a variety of movement; the words "I stood" would about equal the word "bridge" in time value, while "on the" would be spoken quite rapidly, "the" being only an obscure sound with no greater value than if it were an unaccented syllable.

It is easy to see that this variety of movement not only serves the purpose of showing the proper relations of the various words with one another, but is more agreeable to the ear than a measured and monotonous rendering could possibly be. It is this harmonious variety of movement that constitutes **rhythm**. It is not alone necessary, remember, that there should be variety, but the variety must have a reason behind it.

Rhythm in speech does not differ very widely from musical rhythm. It is more varied and changeable,


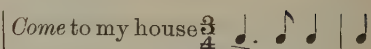
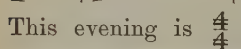
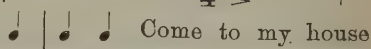
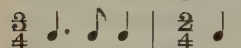

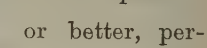


but the elements are essentially the same. We have, for instance, triple and common movements, phrases beginning upon various beats of the measure, and pauses, which correspond to rests in music, and, like them, should be proportioned to the movement of the spoken words. Our combinations, however, are, as we have said, much more varied than in music, for we have frequent alternations of triple and common time, abrupt changes in the rate of movement, and much greater freedom in the use of pauses. However, when we consider what we have learned with respect to the melody of speech in connection with the above-mentioned resemblances in rhythm, we find that speech and song are much nearer together than are commonly supposed.

We can easily illustrate both the resemblances and differences of the two by a few characteristic examples: The words "Yankee Doodle" are pronounced just about as they are sung, so far as the rhythm is concerned, though as much cannot be said for the remaining words of the song, which are subordinated to the melody. By using dotted notes, however, the melody, simple as it is, may be brought pretty near to the natural rhythm of the lines. "Come to my house" is, virtually, three-four time, thus

$\frac{3}{4}$   |  || Come to my house is  $\frac{4}{4}$

rhythm  $\frac{4}{4}$   |  || or, if very em-

phatic,  $\frac{4}{4}$   |  || Come to my house



  
 This evening is 

  
 this *evening*, if spoken naturally, would correspond to  



 or better, per-  
 haps, 

 Here we have a mixture of  
 triple and quadruple or common time, which is not  
 rare in music, but is much more common in speech.

The relations of words, phrases, and sentences are shown quite as clearly by their rhythmical proportions as by variations in pitch.

It is easy to see that important phrases, sentences, and paragraphs will, other things being equal, have slower movement and broader rhythm than less necessary passages. Often, however, where the expression is of an impetuous nature, the climax is attained by rush and stress, rather than by breadth. Compare the following from "Henry IV.," Part I. :

KING. 'Sirrah, from henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.  
 Send us your prisoners or you'll hear of it. [*Slow and*  
 [Exit.] *impressive.*]

HOTSPUR. An if the Devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them : I will after straight,  
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.—*Shakespeare.*

Contrast the commanding manner of the King with the impetuosity of the fiery Hotspur.

Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !  
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
 Play uppe "The Brides of Enderby."—*Jean Ingelow.*

Here, again, the impetuosity and excitement cause more rapid movement at the climax. "Sheridan's Ride" and Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc" may be instanced as examples at opposite extremes of rhythmical expression.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.  
—*Pope.*

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.  
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
 Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;  
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit—  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

—*Robert Browning.*

Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say  
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.—*Shakespeare.*

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me, useless, though my soul were bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide.  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

Bird of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place;  
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!  
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud—  
 Love gives it energy; love gave it birth.  
 Where, on thy dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.  
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
 Then when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place;  
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!—*James Hogg.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—*Bryant.*

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## LESSON XXXI.

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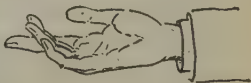
Actions of the Hand.

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The actions of the arm are what are usually known as gestures. Although, as we have seen, gestures may be made elsewhere, the arm has almost a monopoly of them. The arm is divided into upper arm, forearm, and hand. We begin with the hand.

I.—*Simple Indication.* (Fig. 17.)

Point with the forefinger of either hand toward some object; be sure that the movement is from the wrist—that is, that the hand alone and not the forearm moves. Have



the arm near the body in an easy and natural attitude. The other fingers of the hand should not shut tightly, but be allowed to fall easily into a curved position. The forefinger here is active, the other fingers are passive. The thumb should not fall lifelessly inward, but should have a degree of activity, being expanded outward and upward in proportion to the activity of the forefinger.

The thumb is always more or less active in all animated, healthy conditions of mind and body. A relaxed thumb indicates either lack of vitality, indifference or passivity of mind, or weakness of intellect. Of course, in rest and sleep, the thumb, like the other parts of the body, is passive, and in portraying sleep, fatigue, or death, the thumb should be relaxed.

Point upward, downward, forward, outward, at the side, and inward across the body, with the arm in various attitudes. Use expressions like "Look at this table!" In carrying the hand outward at the side be careful that the outward movement is edgewise, or, as we say, that the edge of the hand leads.

A graceful gesture is always made in the easiest manner. The edge of the hand, like the bow of a boat, passes through the air with the least resistance; the palm, on the contrary, seems to push away the air by sheer force. It is plain that the edgewise movement will appear more graceful and easy to the eye of the beholder, while the palm leading gives an impression of greater strength because seeming to overcome

greater resistance, or, at least, being capable of overcoming it if it were present.

The back of the hand is the weakest as the palm is the strongest side of the hand, and all gestures in which the back of the hand leads seem weak and ineffective. Avoid, therefore, leading with the back of the hand, unless you intend to give an impression of weakness.

## II.—*Beckoning.*

Beckon with the hand, that is, indicate yourself. "I myself;" "come here!"

## III.—*Admiration.*

Lift the hand, palm outward, with gentle activity of the fingers, much as if you would caress something before you, or, more strongly, as if to exhibit something on your palm. This expresses admiration, pleasure in something before you in reality or in imagination; with very gentle action it shows a wish to caress the object. "It was magnificent!" "How beautiful she is!" "How soft and warm!"

## IV.—*Repulsion.*

Raise the hand, palm outward, with all the fingers active and spread apart, as if to ward off something from the body.

This is the attitude of sudden surprise or fear, or whenever there is a feeling of repulsion or desire to



ward off something. "Oh!" "ugh," "disgusting,"  
"keep off."

Combine actions and attitudes of the head with these gestures.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always somewhere a weakest spot;  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.—*Holmes.*

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;—  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower;—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.—*Tennyson.*

Beneath a rose, as morning broke,  
An angel from his sleep awoke.

Pleased with the flower above his head,  
So fair and beautiful, he said:

"Thy fragrance and thy cooling shade  
Have doubly sweet my slumbers made.

"Fairest of flowers on earth that grow,  
Ask what you will, and I'll bestow."

"Grant, then," it cried, "I'll ask no more,  
Some charm no flower has known before!"

The angel first seemed at a loss,  
Then clothed the bush in simple moss.

And lo! the moss rose stood confessed,  
A lovelier flower than all the rest.

—"The Moss Rose."

## LESSON XXXII

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### Articulation.—Continued.

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The middle of the tongue rises to form the consonant *y*.

*K* and *g* are formed by the shutting together and recoil of the back of the tongue and the soft-palate. *Ng* is the nasal sound in this position.

*S* and *sh* are hissing sounds made through the nearly closed teeth.

*Z* and *zh* are buzzing sounds in much the same position. (*Zh* represents the sound of *z* in *azure* and of *g* in *rouge*.)

*Tsh* is the best representation of the sound of *ch* in *chin*, *church*, *much*.

*Dzh* is the sound of *j* and soft *g* in *June*, *age*.

*Kw* is the sound of *q* in *queer*.

*Ks* is the sound of *x* in *vex*, *text*.

Many consonants stand for different sounds. It will be found that the list we have given covers the entire field, the various letters and combinations omitted being simply duplicates of these. Thus: *ch* hard in *choir* is the sound of *k*; *c* is either *s* or *k* according as it is hard or soft, as in *cinder*, *cat*.

*H* is not usually regarded as a true consonant, being simply a rough breathing, or aspiration, as it is called. Compare *hat*, *at*, *oyster*, *hoister*, etc.

*Th* is not an aspirated *t*, but a separate sound having its own definite position of the tongue. So *ph* is not aspirated *p*, but *f*.

**Vocal Exercises.—Continued.**

*For Forward Placing of the Voice.*

1. Hum very softly the sound *m*. Open the mouth very gently, still keeping the soft humming sound.

2. Practise the hum with open mouth at the beginning.

3. Practise in combination with the various vowel-sounds, thus: *m—ä*, *m—ō*, prolonging both the humming sound and the vowel.

4. With full voice explode the sounds *mä*, *mā*, *mō*, as directed in Lesson XXIX.

5. Also use *lä*, *tä*, *lō*, *tō*, both softly and loudly. With no break in the soft humming sound, make a series of vowels like *ä ā ē ō ö* with the slightest possible action of the agents of articulation.

6. Practise crescendos and diminuendos; that is, increasing and diminishing the volume of sounds without changing the quality of the voice.

TO THE TEACHER:—The proper sensation here should be of a warm current of air passing through the face; or, in other words, of gentle vibration of the resonators. Enlarge this area of vibration until it includes both head and chest. Test by closing the nostrils; if the tone is properly placed, this will not interfere with it.

## EXAMPLES FOR VOICE-PLACING AND BREATH-CONTROL.

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
     *(Burden)* Ding-dong—  
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

—*Shakespeare.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie,  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After Summer, merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—*Shakespeare*

1ST FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
     Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
     Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.      Philomel, with melody  
     Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;  
     Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
     Come our lovely lady nigh;  
     So, good-night, with lullaby.

1ST FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here;  
     Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
 Beetles black, approach not near;  
     Worm nor snail, do no offence,

CHORUS.      Philomel, with melody, etc.—*Shakespeare.*

## LESSON XXXIII.

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### Actions of the Hand.—*Continued.*

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#### V.—*Appeal.*

Extend the hand in front, with palm up, fingers active, as if to take something. "Give it to me."

This is the action of appeal. It is appropriate not only to a request for some object, but to all questions of appeal, such as "am I not right?" "won't you do it?" and even to simple interrogations.

#### VI.—*Rejection.*

With the hand extended in front, palm down, as if covering a flat surface, move the hand sideways outward, as if trying to push something away with the outer edge of the hand.

This is rejection, denial, negation. "Take it away," "nonsense," "pshaw," "I don't believe it." This action is stronger when the palm is "from earth," that is, as in IV. It is then called demonstrative rejection.

#### VII.—*Declaration.*

Fold the hand slightly toward the body as in II., but without special activity of the forefinger; then

## ACTIONS OF THE HAND.

carry the hand outward at the side until the palm is toward the audience, as if to show that you have nothing concealed in or about your hand.

This is declaration, revelation. "It is so," "you can see for yourself."

### VIII.—*Declaration with Surrender.*

As in V., but with a downward inclination of the hand as well.

This is a declarative movement with surrender. "You are right," "I acknowledge it," "I was wrong," "I give it up." (The downward tendency of the hand is in proportion to the degree of surrender, the outward to that of revelation.)

### IX.—*Concealment.*

Place the hand upon the body, as if to conceal or caress some part of it.

This is the opposite of VII. and VIII. It is the action of apprehension, concealment, self-caress. When we feel pain the hand seeks the suffering part in this way.

Practise all the foregoing movements until the hand is flexible and free. At first relax the hand completely between the gestures, but when the gestures have been thoroughly learned separately, practise them in a connected series in the order in which they have been given, and in other combinations, *i.e.*, (1) indicate, (2) beckon, (3) admire or caress, (4) repel, (5)

appeal, (6) deny, (7) reveal, (8) surrender, (9) conceal. Practise with each hand until gesture is as natural with one as with the other. Numbers 2 to 9 may be practised with both hands together. Finally, practise these actions from the elbow—that is, moving the forearm as well as the hand. Be careful to observe the proper order of movement, namely, the forearm moves first, then the hand. The hand is surrendered until the forearm is nearly in its place, then the hand acts as before.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Oh! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

She comes,

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner, Squirrel, or old Grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat;  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice;  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep: and then, anon,  
Drums in his ear—at which he starts and wakes,  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again.—*Shakespeare.*

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.—*Gray.*



Up, up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double;  
Up, up! my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?  
The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.  
Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;  
Come, hear the woodland linnet;  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.—*Wordsworth.*

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## LESSON XXIV.

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### Pitch, Movement, and Volume.

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All light, unconstrained feelings manifest themselves by high pitch and more or less rapid movement.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame;  
Over the mountain-side or mead  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.—*Bryant.*

Serious, dignified expression, on the other hand, calls for self-restraint; therefore, the movement will be slower, the pitch lower, and the pauses more frequent and longer in proportion to the degree of seriousness or dignity. Very solemn or sad expression would have low tone and very slow movement.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience ?  
How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career?—*Cicero*.

To be—or not to be—that is the question.—*Shakespeare*.

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of the crags, O sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.—*Tennyson*.

In excitement the movement is abrupt with frequent pauses.

And lo !—as he looks—on the belfry's height  
A glimmer—and then a gleam of light !  
A hurry of hoofs in a village street—  
A shape in the moonlight—a bulk in the dark—  
And beneath—from the pebbles in passing—a spark—  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.—*Longfellow*.

In unemotional reading we have medium pitch and rate, that is, the pitch and rate of ordinary conversation.

There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skilful musician, twenty may become good readers.—*Hart*.

With regard to the volume or loudness of the voice, it may be said that, in general, the ordinary speaking-voice is sufficient. In shrieking, calling, shouting, cheering, and the expression of unrestrained anger or defiance, the volume may be very great, but even here do not try to stun your hearers. Never mistake noise or bluster for intensity. True feeling does not manifest itself by explosive utterance. In gentle,

subdued emotions, the voice is soft and musical, whilst in awe, secrecy, and fear, it sinks almost and sometimes quite to a whisper.

Remember that in speaking in a large hall, it is necessary to allow time for the voice to reach every person in the audience, so we should speak more slowly than when at home, or in the school-room. If we are careful to do this, we need not shout nor strain the voice, but we can use our every-day conversational tone and be perfectly at ease.

Do not speak in a measured and stilted manner at any time, but keep the same proportion between important and unimportant words as in ordinary conversation. It is best to talk, for the most part, to that portion of the audience that is farthest from you. In that way you will learn to "project" the tone so that the words are carried distinctly everywhere.

If there is an echo, speak more softly and slowly than usual. Always begin quietly, so that you feel a sense of reserve power.

Carefully avoid diminishing the volume of the voice in any phrase after the emphatic word has been reached. To give the remaining words with less than the previous degree of strength gives an impression of physical weakness, as if the breath had given out. Of course, this rule does not apply to instances where that especial effect is desired.

Do not interpret what has been said here to mean that the volume of the voice is never to vary. In all

strong, vital emotions there will be a more or less gradual increase of volume corresponding to the crescendo in music, culminating on the emphatic word. In very tender emotions the volume may gradually diminish until the emphatic word is reached. Compare "How I hate you" with "How I love you."

By this time your studies have shown you many examples of what is called **emotional emphasis**—that is, expression which brings out the **feelings** of the speaker, as well as the ideas in his mind. All of the elements of expression are means of portraying emotion. You should use these means wherever they are appropriate, but always try to **really feel what you would express and express only what you feel**. This is the secret of natural delivery. One may cultivate and control the emotions just as one develops the intellectual powers. Moreover, in so doing we learn the lesson of self-mastery, which is far more important than the most perfect expression.

Notice that in many of the following examples many single words have an emotional meaning of their own. Such are "lazy," "dawdling," "awful," "angry," "holy." The same rules of expression apply to these as to phrases and sentences.

The tense or relaxed states of the body, and especially of the pharynx or back of the mouth, have much to do with emotional expression. In love and pleasure, generally, we draw in our words and linger over them, while we expel more or less violently words that express un-

pleasant things. Compare *beautiful, gentle, noble, kind, holy*, with *bestial, disgusting, contemptible, nauseous, hideous*, or with expletives, *bah, pshaw*, and the like.

EXAMPLES OF TRANSITION IN EXPRESSION.

Never a horse a jockey would worship and admire  
 Like Flash in front of the engine a-racing to the fire;  
 Never a horse so lazy, so dawdling, and so slack,  
 As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawing the engine back.  
—Carleton.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.—*Campbell.*

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? Came not faint whispers  
 near?

No! The wild wind hath many a sigh amid the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand what grasp hath wrenched  
 the blade?

Oh, single 'midst a hostile band, young soldier, thou'rt betrayed!  
 "Silence!" in undertones they cry; "no whisper—not a breath!  
 The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence thee to  
 death!"

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the blow;  
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm! Auvergne!  
 the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call, he heard their tumults grow;  
 And sent his dying voice through all, "Auvergne! Auvergne!  
 the foe!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down;  
His face was angry and red:  
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there  
Among the girls," he said.  
So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,  
And his head hung down on his breast,  
Went right away and sat all day  
With the girl who loved him best.

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## LESSON XXXV.

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### Full-Arm Gestures.

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Full-arm gestures are appropriate where there is great earnestness, strong feeling, or when addressing an audience of any size.

We have an almost infinite number of expressive actions of the arm, but a few examples will suffice to illustrate right and wrong ways of making them.

One of the most common faults is not observing the proper order of movement, which is: First, upper arm; second, forearm; finally, the hand and fingers. Another fault is to finish the gesture with the arm only partly developed, "broken," as we sometimes say (Fig. 5).

#### EXERCISE I.

##### *Indication (palm up).*

Select an object at the side. Remember that the actions of the eye and head precede that of the arm.

1. Raise the upper arm, letting the rest of the arm

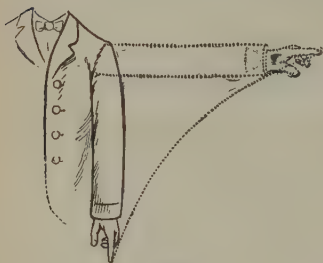


FIG. 18.

hang lifeless, until the elbow points in the direction of the object.

2. Straighten the forearm, at the same time turning it at the elbow so that the hand, which still remains passive, is moved edgewise until

the wrist is "from earth," bringing the palm up.

3. Straighten out the hand with the forefinger pointing as described in Lesson XXXI. Use every-day expressions, like "look at that," "take a chair."

## EXERCISE II.

### *Indication (palm down).*

This is a more active expression than the former



FIG. 19.

one. In pointing out objects at a great distance, or where there is great earnestness, excitement or command, we use

this form of indication; the other is more easy and trustful.

The order of action is as before, but with the outer edge of the hand leading instead of the inner. (Fig. 18.)

"Go!" "Who is it leans from the belfry with face upturned to the sky?"

Practise these until the three movements blend gracefully. Be very careful not to overdo the movements or add affected curves to the forearm and hand movements. Make every gesture as simple as possible.

### EXERCISE III.

#### *Indication of Self—Folding Movement.*

Here the arm folds in instead of developing outward. With the arm hanging at the side :

(a) Turn the arm slightly, bringing the palm outward, at the same time carrying the elbow out a very little distance from the body. (Fig. 20.)



FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 22.

(b) Fold the hand so as to bring the fingers pointing toward the part to be indicated. (Fig. 21.)

(c) Fold the forearm, at the same time raising the upper arm and carrying it out from the body, until the fingers touch the spot you wish to indicate. (Fig. 22.)



Study the movements separately, then blend them.

Indicate various parts of the body, using appropriate expressions, for instance: touching the forehead

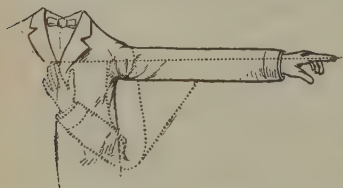


FIG. 23.

with the forefinger, "let me see;" touching the lips, "hush;" pressing the palm against the heart, "Oh, I have suffered with those that I saw suf-

fer;" touching the side of the nose with the forefinger, "Joey B. is sly, sir." Fig. 23 illustrates an indication preceded by a folding movement. Where there is strong personal feeling, gestures are often begun in this way, mental gestures starting from the head, emotional gestures, love, indignation, etc., from the chest or heart region, vital gestures from the waist.

#### EXERCISE IV.

##### *Suspense.*

An attitude of the hand and arm which often accompanies the attitude of suspense or hesitation in the legs is that in which the hand is drawn in toward the body, the palm downward, the fingers spread well apart, and the elbow active, very much as in Fig. 26, but with the hand much nearer the line of the waist, and not quite so near the body. Fig. 33 is also an example of another and stronger form of suspensive action, indicating a tendency to repel. These attitudes

always go finally into some fully developed gesture, varying, of course, according to the emotion that succeeds the state of suspense.

### EXERCISE V.

#### *Returning to Rest.*

In bringing the arm to rest again after one or more gestures, if the last gesture has been a folding movement, simply unfold again in inverse order (*c, b, a*) and let the arm fall back in a relaxed position; if the gesture is an extended one, turn the forearm until the wrist is downward, "to earth," if not already in that position, then relax the arm, still holding the hand in position, and sink the wrist; let the arm drop at the side, the wrist drawing the hand after it.

Practise this slowly until control is gained. Practise also carrying the arm from side to side, the hand following the movement of the arm in the same way, just as a handkerchief waved to and fro follows the hand.

Practise all the gestures described in Lessons XXXI. and XXXIII. with full-arm movements.

TO THE TEACHER:—In all gestures made with one hand only, except the very lightest, there is a tendency in the less active hand to sympathize with the action of the other, either by acting in opposition, in less demonstrative parallelism, or by taking an attitude expressive of the emotion that prompts the gesture. This action of the weak hand is called the supporting gesture. To enter upon the study of these gestures in detail would be beyond the limits that I have assigned myself in the preparation of this book. The supporting action will be strong in proportion to the strength of the principal gesture. Encourage the pupils in the

greatest freedom of movement. If there is genuine feeling behind the gesture, the supporting movement or attitude will take care of itself. See that it does not contradict the gesture, and at least insist on a corresponding attitude of the hand if there is reluctance on the part of the pupil to go further. The knowledge and ingenuity of the teacher must supplement the instructions given here as elsewhere. The voice and example of a good instructor are worth more than any written description of an exercise. Caution pupils against making too many gestures and against extravagant action. For instance, in declaration the arms may rise through all degrees of altitude to a considerable angle above the line of the shoulders, yet in ordinary expression an angle of thirty to forty-five degrees from the perpendicular is amply sufficient, and often, especially in conversation, the arm hardly more than pivots so as to bring the palm out. Teach your scholars that a gesture is a strong form of emphasis, and must be reserved for a climax, and, except in very light, trivial emotions, must be sustained until the end of the sentence in which it occurs, unless superseded by another action.

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## LESSON XXXVI.

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### Oppositions of the Head and Arms.

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If we wish to be sure that the person whom we address in Indication sees the object indicated, we look back from it to him, still pointing toward the object. For instance, in pointing out an object at the right, we would turn the head toward it; but when the arm began to move toward the object, the head would begin to turn back toward the person addressed. When the head and arm move in the same direction, they are said to have **parallel** motion. When, as described above, the head and arm move in opposite directions

at the same time, they are said to be in **opposition**, or to oppose each other.

**Law :** Parallel movements should be successive, opposing movements should be simultaneous.

If the head and arm move in the same direction together, the appearance to the beholder is often very ridiculous and always awkward. When, on the contrary, opposing movements follow each other, the action seems to drag, and the harmony of the gesture is destroyed. The law applies to the whole body. When we draw back as in fear, the hand and arm go toward the object ; when the hand is drawn back, the body advances. If there is parallel action, as in greeting a friend, the body and arm both advancing, be careful that the movements are always successive, the body first, the arm succeeding.

### EXERCISE I.

*Indication with Opposition of Head and Arm.*

(Figs. 24, 25.)

*Order of Movement.*

First, the eye and head turn toward the object, then as the arm begins to rise to its position, or "develop," as we sometimes say, the head and eyes return to their original position, or, if we are addressing a particular individual, until the gaze is fixed upon him. The arm is fully developed just as the eye and hand finish their return movement, so that both come to rest at the same time. With folding movement, fold as the head is turning toward the object.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.

## EXERCISE II.

*Rejection, or Denial.* (Figs. 26, 27.)

Action of head and eye as in Indication, the arm in front, folding it toward the body while the head turns toward the object rejected. As the head returns, the arm moves outward at the side as if pushing something away. This may be practised with the edge and with the palm. The edge is more graceful, while the palm gives the impression of greater strength being exerted. In the lighter forms of rejection, the arm hardly folds at all, but starts out at once from its position at the side.



FIG. 26.

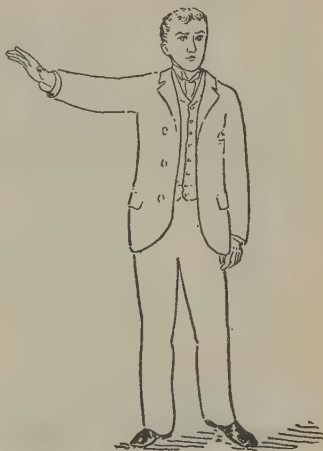


FIG. 27.

### EXERCISE III.

#### *Rejection of Trifles.*

Rejection of trifles is made with the weakest part of the hand, *i.e.*, the back, and either outward or upward. The latter is the more contemptuous action.

In all oppositions, the degree of action in the head is in direct proportion to that of the arm. The head inclines or pivots from the object according to the strength of feeling. The inclination of the head is less powerful than the pivot. In rejection of trifles the action of the head will be slight; in fact, the eye alone is often sufficient for this gesture.



FIG. 28.

SIDE VIEW.  
FIG. 29.FRONT VIEW.  
FIG. 30.

## EXERCISE IV.

*Affirmation.* (Figs. 28, 29, 30.)

Here the action is up and down instead of outward. The arm first folds as in self-indication, but without bringing the hand quite so near to the body, while the head bows toward it. Then the head rises to the normal attitude, or is even lifted in strong affirmation, while the arm unfolds, finishing its gesture with the palm open toward the audience.

Practise this as well as the preceding with three degrees of emphasis: (1) moderate; (2) with considerable energy; (3) with head uplifted and arm extended

straight downward at the front, with the hand fully expanded. Practise also bringing the edge of the hand instead of the palm toward the audience. This is definition, or the teacher's affirmation, and is appropriate to quiet, earnest moods of the mind. Also with clinched fist. This affirmation is appropriate to anger, defiance, and the like.



FIG. 31.

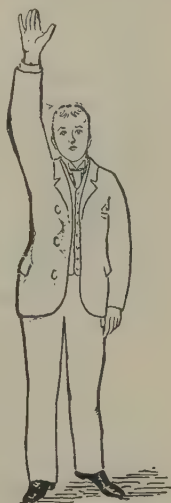


FIG. 32.

### EXERCISE V.

*Assertion.* (Figs. 31, 32.)

The head rises, the eye seeking heaven, then returns to the audience while the arm is lifted.



Practise this with forefinger pointing upward and with open palm. The former is intellectual, the latter more emotional, open-hearted, strong.



FIG. 33.

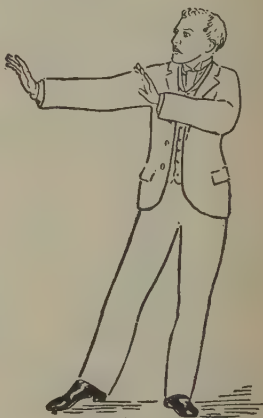


FIG. 34.

### EXERCISE VI.

#### *Repulsion.* (Figs. 33, 34.)

The hands are thrust out as if to push something away, while the whole body draws back and turns away as if shrinking from some dreaded or displeasing object.

Of course, the strength of the action will depend upon the degree of repugnance. It may vary from playful, or pretended repulsion to that caused by ex-

treme fear. Remember to draw back the hips more than the shoulders.

Practise in various directions: in front, at the sides, upward, and downward, keeping the eye fixed on the object, and also turning the face away, as if unable to endure the sight.

#### EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddys and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.—*Cumming*.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,  
Clear, in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.—*Whittier*.

“Come back, come back, Horatius!” loud cried the fathers all.  
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!”  
—*Macaulay*.

“The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe;  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”  
He shook as one that looks on death.  
“God save you, mother!” straight he saith;  
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

A moment there was awful pause—

When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;  
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause;  
His holiest places then are ours."—*T. B. Read.*

BRUTUS. How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why comest thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Aye, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit GHOST.*]  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!  
Claudius!—*Shakespeare.*

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or

polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as “What is all this worth?” nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first, and Union afterwards”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment—dear to every true American heart—LIBERTY and UNION, *now and forever*, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!—*Webster*.

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## LESSON XXXVII.

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### Articulation.—*Continued*.—Difficult Combinations.

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The following list of words and sentences contains specimens of nearly every difficult combination of consonant-sounds that you are likely to meet in reading. Some are, of course, very rarely found, but all should be practised in order to attain flexibility and accuracy in the use of the agents of articulation.

Acts, facts, lists, ghosts, depths, droop'st, adopts, fifths, laughst, hookst, desks, satst, help'st, twelfths, thefts, milk'st, halt'st, limp'st, attemptst, want'st, thinkst, warpst, dwarfst, hurtst, sixths, eighths, texts, protects, stiff'st, sparkl'st, waken'st, robb'st, amidst, width, digg'st, rav'st, writh'st, prob'dst, hundredths, begg'dst, besieg'dst, catch'dst, troubl'st, triff'st, shov'lst, kindl'st, struggl'st, puzzl'st, shieldst, revolv'st, help'dst, trembl'dst, triff'dst, shov'ldst, involv'dst, twinkl'dst, fondl'dst, dazzl'dst, rattl'dst, send'st, wak'n'dst, mad-

d'n'dst, lighten'dst, ripen'dst, hearken'dst, doom'dst, o'erwhelm'dsts, absorbst, regard'st, curb'dst, hurl'dst, charm'dst, return'dst, starv'dst, strength'ns, strength'n'd, wrong'dst, lengthen'dst, sooth'dst, act'st, lift'st, melt'st, hurt'st, want'st, shout'st, touch'd, parch'd, help'dst, bark'dst, prompt'st, touch'dst, rattl'st. •

Put the cut pumpkin in a pipkin. Coop up the cook. A big mad dog bit bad Bob. Keep the tippet ticket. Kate hates tight tapes. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow. The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms. Dick dipped the tippet and dripped it. Giddy Kittie's tawdry gewgaws. The needy needlewoman needn't wheedle. Fetch the poor fellow's feather pillow. A very watery western vapor. Six thick thistle sticks. She says she shall sew a sheet. The sun shines on the shop signs. A shocking sottish set of shopmen. A short soft shot-silk sash. A silly shatter-brained chatterbox. Fetch six chaises. She thrust it through the thatch. Thrice the shrew threw the shoe. The slow snail's slime. I snuff shop snuff, do you snuff shop snuff? She sells seashells. Some shun sunshine. The sweep's suitably sooty suit. A rural ruler. Truly rural. Literally literary. Robert loudly rebuked Richard, who ran lustily roaring round the lobby. His right leg lagged in the race. Amidst the mists with angry boasts he thrusts his fists against the posts, and still insists he sees the ghosts. Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful Thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb ; now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

My dame has a lame tame crane,  
My dame has a crane that is tame ;  
Oh, pray, gentle Jane,  
Let my dame's lame tame crane  
Drink and come home again.

Laid in the cold ground [not coal ground]. Half I see the panting spirit sigh [not spirit's eye]. Be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire [not thy known]. Oh, the torment of an ever-meddling memory [not a never meddling]. All night it lay an ice-drop there [not a nice drop]. Oh, studied deceit [not study]. A sad dangler [not angler]. Goodness centres in the heart [not enters]. His crime moved me [not cry]. Chaste stars [not chase tars]. She could pain nobody [not pay]. Make clean our hearts [not lean]. His beard descending swept his aged breast [not beer]. Did you say ten minutes to wait, or ten minutes to eight? A sore eye saw I. Why y? Thou straightest, fastest strokes struck'dst, Stephen.

TO THE TEACHER:—Many of the above sentences have been taken from Prof. Bell's excellent work, "The Principles of Elocution," to which I am glad to refer all teachers who wish to be abreast of the times in our art. Be careful that pupils do not overdo the sound of *s* so frequent in many of these combinations; in combinations like *sts*, in *lusts*, *posts*, etc., the difficulty is not with the *s*, but to bring out properly the *t*. The separation of similar sounds, as of two *s*'s in succession, can only be effected by an instant of perfect jaw-relaxation between them. It is taken for granted that the teacher understands the actions of the various agents of articulation sufficiently well to be able to point out such technical exercises for overcoming special deficiencies as may be necessary in addition to those I have given.

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

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### Facial Expression.

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The forehead, eyes, nose and mouth are the agents of facial expression. Facial expression comes in order of succession before gestures of any part. The face is next the brain, and is the first part to receive impressions from it.

A smooth FOREHEAD denotes calmness, serenity. The brow drawn down and contracted indicates mental concentration, perplexity, antagonism, resistance to pain, according to the degree of contraction. The brow lifted indicates interested or eager attention, surprise. The brow lifted and contracted denotes sorrow, grief, patient endurance of mental or physical suffering. The brow rises with the "patient shrug."

We have already discussed the EYE in previous lessons.

The NOSE has few actions, and is not capable of many changes. It is the centre of the face, and like the torso, which is the centre of the body, must maintain a dignity commensurate with its position. The nostrils expand in strong emotions to allow more air to enter the lungs. A large, open nostril is always a sign of strong vitality ; a pinched or contracted nostril denotes physical weakness. One nostril drawn up indicates disgust, contempt ; both nostrils drawn up is the bearing of a mean, evil-minded person.

The MOUTH is the most expressive feature. Orators have large mouths as a rule. A small mouth shows a delicate; refined, but not powerful nature. We will consider the lips and lower jaw, which give the mouth its expression, separately.

Thin LIPS are cold, unemotional ; thick, protruding lips are sensual, coarse. The lips drawn in indicate concentration, primness, severity ; protruded slightly they indicate affection ; they are protruded and contracted, much as in whistling, when we are exercising the judgment, discrimination. The pout is a rejection by the lips ; in great disgust we act precisely as if we were trying to get rid of a disagreeable substance in the mouth. The lips drawn down at the corners indicate sadness, disappointment, melancholy ; the corners are drawn up in pleasurable emotions. One side of



the lip drawn up corresponds to and accompanies the contemptuous action of the nose.

A strong LOWER JAW shows strength, firmness of character ; a receding jaw, weakness. The jaw is set firmly in self-control, resistance, antagonism ; it relaxes in pleasure, and opens in admiration, surprise, fear and terror. It hangs lifelessly in weakness, prostration, imbecility, despair. The jaw advances in threatening, anger, hatred.

Observe that almost all the conditions described in this lesson may be bearings, indicating various types of character. Do not be too hasty in judging your associates by these hints ; there are sometimes strange exceptions to general rules. Socrates, for instance, one of the greatest and noblest of all men, was in appearance almost repulsive. We may do much to overcome natural defects by the exercise of the will, and many men have conquered inborn tendencies of the most unlovely character while still retaining the stamp that nature placed on them at birth. So, many naturally symmetrical natures have allowed themselves to be warped out of all true moral poise, and yet to the superficial observer have lost little of their external beauty. Remember that " 'tis the mind that makes the body rich" or poor, as the case may be.

**TO THE TEACHER:**—The pupils should work out the facial expression of a given emotion, say surprise, indicating the expression of each part, then adding the proper attitudes or actions of the torso and limbs. More advanced pupils may employ themselves with complex emotions, such as surprise with hatred, with fear, with joy ; joy with humility, affection, arro-

gance, and the almost infinite number of similar combinations. My purpose in reserving the consideration of this subject until the last (and, indeed, I had some doubts as to the advisability of saying as much as I have on the subject), is that untrained pupils are very apt to overdo facial expression if they undertake it at all in the beginning. I have felt that these subtle manifestations would develop themselves naturally in connection with the broader phases of gesture and attitude previously discussed, provided those have been accompanied by the proper inward impulse, without which no expression, however studied, seems spontaneous. I have inserted this matter at the request of several teachers whose experience has differed from mine in this respect, and who find that many of their pupils have no facial expression at all. But I implore all teachers to be exceedingly careful to discourage the writhings of the lips, scowls, affected elevations of the brows, and fine-frenzy-rolling eyes, with which so many would-be dramatic readers afflict their unfortunate audiences.

EXAMPLES FOR FACIAL EXPRESSION.

The one with yawning made reply:

"What have we seen?—Not much have I!

Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,  
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams."

The other, smiling, said the same;

But with face transfigured and eye of flame:

"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams!  
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams!"—*Brooks*

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell  
Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! It is—it is the cannon's opening roar!—*Byron.*

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,  
 Fur I've brought you sumpin great.  
*Apples ?* No, a heap sight better !  
 Don't you take no int'rest ? Wait !  
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—  
 Ain't them scrumptious ? Ain't them high ?  
 Tears, my boy ? Wot's them fur, Joey ?  
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!—*Peleg Arkwright.*

We are two travellers, Roger and I.  
 Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp.  
 Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye !  
 Over the table—look out for the lamp !  
 The rogue is growing a little old :  
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
 And slept out doors when nights were cold,  
 And ate, and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you :  
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,  
 The paw he holds up there has been frozen),  
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),  
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
 And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank you, sir, I never drink.  
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral,  
 Aren't we, Roger ? See him wink.  
 Well, something hot then, we won't quarrel.  
 He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head.  
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk ;  
 He understands every word that's said,  
 And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

—*Trowbridge, "The Vagabonds."*

SHALOCK [*aside*]. How like a fawning publican he looks !  
 I hate him. for he is a Christian !  
 If I can catch him once upon the hip  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 Cursed be my tribe

If I forgive him!

[To ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good signior;  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

—*Shakespeare.*

MACBETH. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.—*Shakespeare.*

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## LESSON XXXIX.

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### Description.

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Pantomime has another office besides expressing emotions; it is very useful in assisting us to convey vivid impressions of what we may be describing. This function is called **imitation** or **description**. Gestures of indication are descriptive in their character. We convey impressions of great size, volume, majesty, by broad expansion of the arms; we bring the tips of the fingers of both hands near together to describe small, insignificant objects; when using one hand, the thumb touching the little finger suggests very tiny objects.

Actions that we call functional, like pushing, pulling, hammering, twisting, the action of the hand in writing, playing an instrument, waving a handkerchief, and a hundred others, are used imitatively.

The tremolo of the hand—that is, a rapid movement to and fro sideways—suggests many similar tremulous movements in nature, the ripple of water, of sunshine, the movement of the leaves. The tremolo should be very delicate, and requires much flexibility at the wrist.

All emotional manifestations are used imitatively when we describe an emotion in another. Descriptive actions of all kinds must not be overdone. Broad description is allowable only in comedy. In serious reading suggest rather than imitate: the more delicate the suggestion the more artistic will be your expression.

The voice also has an imitative function. All reproductions of peculiar qualities, as of an old man's voice, nasal, throaty, or flat tones, the vocal characteristics of different nations and races, are vocal imitations. The volume of the voice is sometimes made use of imitatively, the tone becoming more sonorous in describing grandeur, majesty, and more than usually delicate in suggesting delicate things. We often hear vocal imitations of various sounds in nature, the calls of animals, chirping of birds, the vibration of bells, and the like. Use imitation sparingly.

It is very essential in description, as, indeed, in all

recitation, that you yourself see vividly the picture or scene that you wish to portray. Cultivate your imagination until each object and person in your story appears as clearly before your mind's eye as if you had at some time actually seen them. You should be able to describe the dress and peculiarities of appearance of a character even in many details that the author has not suggested, and fill out the barest outline of a scene with mountains, trees, houses, furniture, or whatever would be appropriate to it. Have, too, a definite locality for everything in your picture. Do not place a thing at your left that a moment before was at your right, nor one at your feet that was just now a hundred yards away. Bear in mind, however, that whenever you, as spectator, are supposed to change your position, everything in the picture also changes its position relative to you. For instance, in the opening lines of "*Barbara Frietchie*" the spectator describes the village of Frederick and its surroundings from an imaginary distance of several miles, but soon he finds himself in the village itself.

Generally when one person takes two characters, as would be done in reciting the tent scene in "*Julius Caesar*," it is customary to indicate the change from one character to the other by a change in the direction of attention ; that is, if Brutus is speaking toward the left, Cassius, who is supposed to be on that side of the platform, would speak, when his turn came, toward the right. In impersonation, as in reciting dialogues,

we do not speak to the audience, but to the imaginary Brutus or Cassius, a little to one side. In descriptive recitation, narrative or address, we keep the attention directed toward the audience, simply glancing at the objects or persons described, and looking back at once toward the audience, but sustaining the gesture, if any is used, until the verbal description is complete. We have said that an attitude of the body should always be sustained until the emotion prompting it is superseded by another emotion; so a gesture, which, if sustained at all, becomes at once an attitude, is subject to the same law.

Be careful to locate objects and persons at the side rather than directly in front, where your audience is. An angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees to the right or left is usually the most convenient one for descriptive purposes.

TO THE TEACHER:—Descriptive expression is valuable, both as a means of developing imagination and of giving command of gesture, but should not be carried too far. A very common fault with readers is the too frequent use of descriptive expression in emotional passages. The more ideal the poem, or the greater the strength of the subjective element, the further should be the expression from the literal. In recitation or oratory, pantomime of any sort should be reserved always for that which the words cannot fully express; otherwise it is an impertinence. Anything in voice or action that distracts the attention of the audience from the matter to the manner defeats the purpose of the speaker. There is, however, an emotional manner of performing a descriptive or a functional action that may redeem it from the appearance of artificiality, but the consideration of such delicate points of expression is out of place in this manual.

## EXAMPLES OF DESCRIPTION AND SUGGESTION.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,  
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,  
 Mark Haley drives along the street,  
 Perched high upon his wagon seat:  
 His sombre face the storm defies;  
 And thus from morn till eve he cries—  
 “Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies—  
 “Charco’!”—“hark O!”—Such cheery sounds  
 Attend him on his daily rounds.—*Trowbridge.*

A million little diamonds twinkled on the trees;  
 A million little maidens said: “A jewel, if you please.”  
 But while they held their hands outstretched to catch the dia-  
                   monds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came and stole them all away.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
 He glanced; the old flag met his sight.  
 “Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
 “Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.  
 It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
 Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.  
 She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
 And shook it forth with a royal will.—*Whittier.*

I want free life and I want fresh air;  
 And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
 The crack of the whips like shots in battle,  
 The *melée* of horns, and hoofs, and heads,  
 That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;  
 The green beneath and the blue above,  
 And dash and danger and life and love—  
 And *Lasca*!—*Desprez.*



Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

—*Pope.*

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going, and running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and flittering, and gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening, and quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming, and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.—*Southey.*

Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,  
Young faces turned sickly, an' warm hearts turned chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare  
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;  
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.  
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,  
 An' with one darin' spring Jim has leaped on the ground;  
 Bang! bang! goes the carbines, an' clash goes the sabres!  
 He's not down! he's alive, still! now stand to him, neighbors!  
 Through the smoke an' the horses he's into the crowd—  
 By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,  
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—  
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,  
 An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

—*J. S. Lefanu.*

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to decide with anything like certainty.—*Dickens.*

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad!" sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' An' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I

shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came:

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice.—*Jimmie Butler and the Owl.*

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak (three hundred year),  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.—*Ben Jonson*

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
 He watches from his mountain walls,  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—*Tennyson, "The Eagle."*

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## LESSON XL.

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### Final Hints on Attitudes and Bearings.

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The FEET are near together in timidity and weakness; they are separated in active, strong conditions.

The KNEES are relaxed in submission, weakness, fear, horror; they are normally firm in normal conditions; they stiffen in defiance.

The HIPS thrown forward indicate pomposity, arro-

gance, vulgarity ; drawn back they indicate humility, timidity.

The CHEST expanded denotes strength, activity, nobility of mind ; contracted, indicates weakness, either of soul or of body, or of both.

The attitudes of the HEAD have been fully discussed in previous lessons.

The ARMS, in repose, fall naturally at the sides when standing, or in the lap when sitting. The hands may also be carelessly locked together in front, or one or both arms allowed to rest easily on the reading-desk, table, or arm of the chair. The arms are folded in front in concentration of thought or emotion, control of passion ; one or both are behind the back in concealment, reflection. If you fold the arms easily and then raise the forearm that is on the outside, so that the hand is at the lips, or the chin or side of the cheek rest upon it, you have another attitude of reflection or concentration of mind that is very common (Fig. 35). Practise going into this attitude without the preliminary fold of the arms, as soon as you have acquired the correct position.



FIG. 35.

The ELBOW turned out indicates arrogance, self-assertion, conceit ; with the hands on the hips these indications are very marked and generally vulgar.

The elbow drawn in indicates weakness, timidity, fear.

The normal attitude of the HAND is that which it assumes when at rest. The hand expands gently in affectionate expressions, as if to caress someone. It opens wide in astonishment, admiration, fear and repulsion. The fingers contract in hatred, jealousy, and like passions, as if you would like to tear the flesh of your antagonist. The hand is clinched firmly in concentration of mind or passion, in rage. The fingers work spasmodically when there is an attempt to conceal strong passions that overpower the will.

The BODY is bent and passive in weakness, submission, meanness, old age; it is erect and active in all vigorous conditions of mind or body.

*Laws of Attitude.—Continued.*

**III.—An attitude remains unchanged until the emotion that caused it is superseded or modified by a new emotion.**

Notice that one attitude of a particular part, for example, the clinched fist, often stands for quite different conditions. These conditions are shown by other parts of the body. For instance, the clinched fist with the body in an attitude of reflection—that is, with the weight on the retired foot, head bowed and thoughtful expression of the face—would indicate strong mental concentration, while the same fist with the body expressing antagonism would convey the impression

that someone in our vicinity was in danger of a bruised eye at least.

Try to have harmony everywhere in your attitudes; do not let one part of the body contradict another.

TO THE TEACHER:—The practice of dialogues is a very useful means of giving pupils confidence and ease before an audience. The study of the bearings and attitudes suitable to different characters in a scene or dialogue is also excellent mental discipline, as it cultivates the powers of observation and analysis. The few hints given above, together with previous instruction in attitude, gesture, and facial expression, will be found to suggest a very wide range of expression in characterization. No attempt has been made in this book to cover the whole ground in any department of oratory. Especially is this true of pantomimic expression, a field that has been very thoroughly explored of late years, and concerning which volumes might be written. If it seems, nevertheless, that an undue proportion of our work has been devoted to pantomime and physical preparation for it, it should be borne in mind that the relation between pantomimic and vocal expression is much closer than is commonly supposed, and that effective action inevitably reacts in favor of effective speech, and is more easily studied and criticised, since the theory of vocal expression, spite of all our gains in the last twenty years, is far from the perfection that pantomime has attained. The laws of the one apply to the other, to be sure; but their application is much more difficult in the department of vocal expression. Freedom of action means freedom of speech.



## INTRODUCTION.

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The following selections have been made for the purpose of furnishing a more extended application of the principles that have been discussed in the preceding lessons. Lessons I., II., and III. are all to be used in conjunction with Lesson III. in the Primer. From that point the numbers in both parts correspond.

The intelligent teacher will at once perceive that in following this plan of progressive study (corresponding to the use of *études* in music) much that is essential to a proper rendition of even the simplest of the earlier selections must necessarily be ignored; but it is impossible to avoid this without confusing the beginner with technicalities with which he is yet unfamiliar. By confining the attention to one new point at a time, however, each will be made clear, while there will be a gradual accumulation of a systematized body of knowledge, and a corresponding assimilation of the technical requirements of more complex and difficult selections, as well as what, after all, should be the chief aim in elocutionary study—the worthy expression of his own ideas. To avoid monotony, these studies should be supplemented by studies of a similar grade, such as may be found in standard text-books of reading and recitation.

Finally, it should never be forgotten that technique is, after all, but the dry bones of art, and that the proper rendition of even the simplest selection requires a perfect comprehension of the author's thought and the constant exercise of the student's powers of imagination.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

## LESSON I.

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The Prodigal Son.

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[Tell the story simply, being especially careful to speak to your audience, raising the eyes from the book, as directed in Lesson III. At first you will have to take more time for this than is necessary for expression; but consider that the beginner in any art must practise slowly until he gains facility, and that a perfectly natural manner of reading can be attained in no other way.]

A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country: and there he wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens in that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he fain would have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish from hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son!"

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew



nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out and entreated. But he answered and said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living, thou killedst for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, is alive again; was lost, and is found."  
—*New Testament.*

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## LESSON II.

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### Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.

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[Study in phrasing.]

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters—to very rags—to split the ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant: \* it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your

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\*Termagant, the fiend, and Herod, were evil characters in the popular "miracle plays." They were acted in a most boisterous manner.

tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well—they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakespeare.*

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### LESSON III.

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#### The Duel.

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[For avoiding "sing-song" style of delivery.]

In Brentford town, of old renown, there lived a Mr. Bray,  
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell, and so did Mr. Clay.  
 Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay: "You choose to rival me,  
 And court Miss Bell, but there your court no thoroughfare shall  
 be.

"Unless you now give up your suit, you may repent your love;  
 I, who have shot a pigeon match, can shoot a turtle dove.  
 So pray, before you woo her more, consider what you do;  
 If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—I'll pop it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray: "Your threats I quite explode;  
 One who has been a volunteer knows how to prime and load.  
 And so I say to you, unless your passion quiet keeps,  
 I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes, may chance to hit a sheep's."

Now gold is oft for silver changed, and that for copper red;  
But these two went away to give each other change for lead.  
But first they sought a friend apiece, this pleasant thought to  
give—

When they were dead, they thus should have two seconds still to  
live.

To measure out the ground not long the seconds then forbore,  
And having taken one rash step, they took a dozen more.  
They next prepared each pistol-pan against the deadly strife,  
By putting in the prime of death against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes; but when they took their stands,  
Fear made them tremble, so they found they both were shaking  
hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.: “Here one of us may fall,  
And, like St. Paul’s Cathedral now, be doomed to have a ball.

“I do confess I did attach misconduct to your name;  
If I withdraw the charge, will then your ramrod do the same?”  
Said Mr. B.: “I do agree—but think of Honor’s Courts!  
If we go off without a shot there will be strange reports.

“But look, the morning now is bright, though cloudy it begun;  
Why can’t we aim above, as if we had called out the sun?”  
So up into the harmless air their bullets they did send:  
And may all other duels have that upshot in the end!

—Thomas Hood.

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## LESSON IV.

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### Charge of the Light Brigade

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Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said:

Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Someone had blundered!  
Theirs not to make reply;  
Theirs not to reason why;  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered:  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well;  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered!  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke:  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back; but not—  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered:  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of death  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them—  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade—  
Noble six hundred !—*Tennyson.*

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## LESSON V.

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### The Discontented Pendulum.

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[Study in phrasing and emphasis.]

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied: "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; and so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden inaction. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.—*Jane Taylor*.

## LESSON VI.

### The Wind and the Moon.

[Study of the animated, colloquial manner and varied methods of emphasis.]

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,\*

\* Phrase this carefully to avoid monotony of melody: "You stare | in the air | like a ghost | in a chair." So also similar passages in the other stanzas.

Always looking what I am about—  
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out.”\*

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.  
So, deep  
On a heap  
Of clouds to sleep,  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,  
Muttering low, “I’ve done for that Moon.”

He turned in his bed; she was there again!  
On high  
In the sky,  
With her one ghost eye,  
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.  
Said the Wind, “I will blow you out again.”

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.  
“With my sledge,  
And my wedge,  
I have knocked off her edge!  
If only I blow right fierce and grim,  
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.”

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.  
“One puff  
More’s enough  
To blow her to snuff!  
One good puff more where the last was bred,  
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread.”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.  
In the air  
Nowhere  
Was a moonbeam bare;  
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—  
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

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\*Notice that here and whenever the Wind speaks we should have a blustering, explosive emphasis. Why?



The Wind he took to his revels once more;  
    On down,  
    In town,  
    Like a merry-mad clown,  
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—  
“What’s that?” The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;  
    But in vain  
    Was the pain  
    Of his bursting brain;  
For still the broader the Moon-scap grew,  
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,  
    And shone  
    On her throne  
    In the sky alone,  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I!  
    With my breath,  
    Good faith,  
    I blew her to death—  
First blew her away right out of the sky—  
Then blew her in; what strength have I!”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;  
    For high  
    In the sky,  
    With her one white eye,\*  
Motionless, miles above the air,  
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—George Macdonald.

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\*Contrast by your manner of speaking, the calm Moon with the noisy Wind.

## LESSON VII.

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Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.

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[Study in oratorical address. Speak as if to a large audience but without departing from the melody of conversation.]

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

## LESSON VII.—Continued.

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Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.

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[Study in contrasted inflections and emphasis.]

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth,—as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.—*Shakespeare.*

## LESSON VIII.

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The Star-Spangled Banner.

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O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;  
Its full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution,  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between our loved home and the war's desolation;  
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

## LESSON IX.

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The Origin of Roast Pig.

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Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great, lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The

truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the

neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of “not guilty.”

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or, indeed, of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—*Charles Lamb.*

## LESSON X.

## Langley Lane.

[A charming study for purity of tone.]

In all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet  
As Langley Lane in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?  
Little white cottages, all in a row,  
Gardens where bachelor's-buttons grow,  
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
And up above the still blue sky  
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—  
I seem to be able to see it all !

For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
The distant murmur of street and square,  
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near,  
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
Comes running many a time each day,  
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind ;  
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,  
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—  
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear ;  
And I am older by summers three.  
Why should we hold one another so dear ?  
Because she cannot utter a word.  
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,  
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call ;  
Because I have never seen the sky,  
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,  
Yet know that she is gazing upon them all.



For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;  
And I hear the water-cart go by,  
With its cool splash-splash, down the dusty row;  
And the little one close at my side perceives  
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,  
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,  
And I hear, though I cannot look; and she,  
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—  
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me ?  
Do I not know she is pretty and young ?  
Hath not my soul an eye to see ?  
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,  
To wonder how things appear to her,  
That I only hear as they pass around;  
And as long as we sit in the music and light,  
She is happy to keep God's sight,  
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Though if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,  
(I know the fancy is only vain)  
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,  
To see little Fanny, and Langley Lane;  
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear  
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,  
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—  
It is better to be as we have been,  
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,  
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!  
There is always something sweet to hear,—  
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,  
And Fanny, my little one, always near.  
And though I am weakly and can't live long,  
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,

And though we can never married be,  
What then, since we hold one another so dear  
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,  
And the pleasure that only one can see ?

—*Robert Buchanan.*

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## LESSON XI.

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### Adams and Jefferson.

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[Practise slowly, especially for distinct enunciation.]

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in their example; and they live emphatically, and *will* live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man—when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift,—is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that, when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

No two men now live—perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age—who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others; or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer: for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very cen-

tre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it is,—one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in *producing* that momentous event.—*Daniel Webster.*

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## LESSON XII.

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### The Fox at the Point of Death.

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[Read the old Fox's words with the whole body relaxed. Notice the effect of relaxation on the voice.]

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,  
Weak, sick, faint, expiring lay.  
All appetite had left his maw,  
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.  
His numerous race around him stand,  
To learn their dying sire's command.  
He raised his head with whining moan,  
And thus was heard the feeble tone:  
“ Ah, sons, from evil ways depart;  
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.  
See! see! the murdered geese appear!  
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?  
Why all around this cackling train  
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?”  
The hungry foxes round them stared,  
And for the promised feast prepared.  
“ Where, sir, where all this dainty cheer?

Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.  
These are the phantoms of your brain,  
And your sons lick their lips in vain."  
"O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,  
"Restrain inordinate desire.  
Your licorish taste you shall deplore  
When peace of conscience is no more.  
Would you true happiness attain,  
Let honesty your passions rein;  
So live in credit and esteem,  
And the good name you lost redeem."  
"The counsel's good," a fox replies,  
"Could we perform what you advise.  
Think what our ancestors have done—  
A line of thieves from son to son.  
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,  
Honest in thought, in word, in deed,  
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,  
We shall be thought to share the feast.  
The change shall never be believed:  
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."  
"Nay, then," replies the feeble Fox—  
"But hark! I hear a hen that clocks!  
Go; but be moderate in your food—  
A chicken, too, might do me good."—*John Gay*

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## LESSON XIII.

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### The Leper.

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[Try in this selection to read the pathetic portions with tender sympathy, but avoiding a whining tone.]

Day was breaking,  
When at the altar of the temple stood  
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp  
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant  
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,

Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,  
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt,  
Waiting to hear his doom:

“Depart! depart, O child  
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!  
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,  
And to the desert wild,  
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,  
That from thy plague His people may be free.”

And he went forth alone. Not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibres of the heart  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak  
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way—  
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!  
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched  
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,  
Praying he might be so blest—to die!  
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying “Unclean! unclean!” and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,  
“Helon!” The voice was like the master-tone  
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
“Helon, arise!” And he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,  
As he beheld the stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore:  
No followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced his lips,  
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.  
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,  
As if his heart was moved; and, stooping down,  
He took a little water in his hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"  
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

—*N. P. Willis.*

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## LESSON XIV.

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### Echo and the Ferry.

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[Study in melody, major and minor inflection.]

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;  
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.  
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven,  
A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl was no good!"  
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.  
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!  
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.  
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and bluebirds flashed  
about

And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?  
I thought so. Yes, everyone else was eleven—eleven.  
So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,  
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;  
And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,  
While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.  
A pity—a very great pity. One should be eleven.

But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,  
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.  
Then I knew, for I peeped, and I found it was right they should  
scold.

Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;  
And then someone else—oh! how softly—came after, came after  
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,  
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.  
But this was the country, perhaps it was close under heaven;  
Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.

But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I  
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.  
He said that was Echo. “Was Echo a wise kind of bee  
That had learned how to laugh? Could it laugh in one’s ear and  
then fly,

And laugh again yonder?” “No; Echo”—he whispered it low—  
“Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see  
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;  
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.  
Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—  
We might cross if I thought I would spend it.” “Oh, yes, I was  
willing”—

And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,  
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and  
merry

When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very—was very  
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,  
“Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!”  
By the still water’s side she was heard far and wide—she replied,  
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, “You man of the  
ferry,

You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling;  
Across the clear reed bordered river he ferried us fast.

Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it sur-  
passed

All measure her doubling, so close, then so far away falling,  
Then gone, and no more.

We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her  
stead;

In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;  
By the brook, and we found the reed sparrow deep-nested, in  
brown;

Not Echo, fair Echo—for Echo, sweet Echo was flown.

—Arranged from Jean Ingelow.

## LESSON XV.

### Incident of the French Camp.

[This selection, though perhaps too difficult for young readers, is an excellent subject for analysis for phrasing and emphasis.]

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow,

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall,"—\*

\* From the beginning of this stanza to the word "wall," we have an example of subordination which should be carefully studied. Notice that in poetry the order of words and phrases may be transposed from that of prose, as is frequently done in this example. It is good practice to rewrite such passages in prose form.



Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect,  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes:  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.—*Robert Browning.*

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## LESSON XVI.

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### Sympathy with the Greeks.

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[Study for range and sustained power.]

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece,

—that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

How shall it run? “We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,”—I cannot go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, “what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”—or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?—*Henry Clay.*

## LESSON XVII.

## Reading for the Thought.

[Especially valuable for analysis.]

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself—my sleeves well up to the elbows, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire. Often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fusing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For, though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs to sounds in the function of signs that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters, instead of a man of books or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever

word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words, knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held among the national *noblesse* of words at any time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person. So also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.—*John Ruskin*.

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## LESSON XVIII.

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### Portia's Speech on Mercy.

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[Study in analysis for emphasis. In the delivery, have enthusiasm and reverence; endeavor to persuade, rather than to teach.]

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.  
—Shakespeare.

## LESSON XIX.

### The Bells of Shandon.

[One of the most musical poems in our language, and an excellent study for the voice. Do not degrade it into a piece of imitation. This is reflective, not didactic. Emphasize the feelings of love and admiration, rather than the facts.]

With deep affection  
 And recollection,  
 I often think of those Shandon bells,  
     Whose sound so wild would,  
     In the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,—  
     With thy bells of Shandon,  
     That sound so grand, on  
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
 Full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;  
While at a glib rate,  
Brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand, on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turret of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
Oh, the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand, on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;  
While on tower and kiosk—O—  
In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me:  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand, on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

—*Francis Mahoney.*

## LESSON XX.

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The Battle of Naseby.\*

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BY OBADIAH BIND-~~THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-~~  
LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

[Study of variety of expression in the torso, and excited breathing.]

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine ;  
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essencèd hair,  
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
The general rode along us, to form us to the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,  
Among the godless horsemen, upon the tyrant's right.

And, hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !  
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;

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\* Naseby is a village in Northamptonshire, England. Here was fought a decisive battle between the royal forces commanded by Charles I. and those of the Parliament under Fairfax, June 14, 1645. The royal centre was commanded by the king in person, the right wing by Prince Rupert, and the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdal. Fairfax, supported by Skippon, commanded the centre of his army, with Cromwell on his right wing, and Ireton on his left. The royal army, though successful in the first part of the action, was totally defeated.—*Monroe's Sixth Reader.*

They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground;

Hark! hark! What means this tramping of horsemen in our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes;

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;

And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

—*Macaulay*

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## LESSON XXI.

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### **The Little Stowaway.**

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[Study in impersonation. Give special attention to bearings and attitudes.]

“ ‘Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither. On the mornin' of the third day out from Liver-



pool, the chief engineer cum down to me in a precious hurry, and says he: 'Tom, what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stow-away!'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the fust mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you young whelp,' says he, 'what's brought you here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"'We all believed every word on't, even without the paper he held out. But the mate says: 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he sings out to the crew

loud enough to raise the dead: 'Reeve a rope to the yard; smart now!'

" 'Now, my lad, you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

" 'Silence there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stan' by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

" 'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

" 'I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

" 'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said, but I'll be bound God heard it every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly 'I'm ready.'

"And then, sir the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

“ ‘God bless you, my boy!’ says he, smoothin’ the child’s hair with his great hard hand. ‘You’re a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn’t tell a lie to save yer life! Well, if so be as yer father’s cast yer off, I’ll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!’

“And he kep’ his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un’s aunt, and gev’ her a lump o’ money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg’lar as can be; and to see the pair on ’em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin’ him a bit o’ grudge—it’s ’bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin’ yer parding, it’s time for me to be goin’ below; so I’ll just wish yer good-night.”

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## LESSON XXII.

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### The Owl and the Bell.

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“Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!”

Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home.

Up in the tower, away and unseen,

In a twilight of ivy, cool and green;

With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!

Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the Owl to himself, as he sat below

On a window-ledge, like a ball of snow:

“Pest on that fellow, sitting up there,

Always calling the people to prayer!

With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!

Mighty big in his house at home!

“I will move,” said the Owl. “But it suits me well;  
And one may get used to it,—who can tell?”

So he slept in the day with all his might,

And rose and flapped out in the hush of night,

When the Bell was asleep in his tower at home,

Dreaming over his Bing, Bang, Bome!

For the Owl was born so poor and genteel,  
He was forced from the first to pick and steal;  
He scorned to work for honest bread—  
“Better have never been hatched,” he said.  
So he slept all day; for he dared not roam  
Till the night had silenced the Bing, Bang, Bome!

When his six little darlings had chipped the egg,  
He must steal the more; 'twas a shame to beg.  
And they ate the more that they did not sleep well.  
“It's their gizzards,” said ma. Said pa, “It's the Bell!  
For they quiver like leaves in a wind-blown tome,  
When the Bell bellows out his Bing, Bang, Bome!”

But the Bell began to throb with the fear  
Of bringing the house about his one ear;  
And his people were patching all day long,  
And propping the walls to make them strong.  
So a fortnight he sat, and felt like a mome,  
For he dared not shout his Bing, Bang, Bome!

Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said,  
“I do believe the old fool is dead.  
Now, now, I vow, I shall never pounce twice;  
And stealing shall be all sugar and spice.  
But I'll see the corpse, ere he's laid in the loam,  
And shout in his ear Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!

“Hoo! hoo!” he cried, as he entered the steeple,  
“They 've hanged him at last, the righteous people!  
His swollen tongue lolls out of his head—  
Hoo! hoo! at last the old brute is dead.  
There let him hang, the shapeless gnome!  
Choked, with his throat full of Bing, Bang, Bome!”

So he danced about him, singing “Too-whoo!”  
And flapped the poor Bell and said, “Is that you?  
Where is your voice with its wonderful tone,  
Banging poor owls and making them groan?  
A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome!  
Too-whoo is better than Bing, Bang, Bome!”

So brave was the Owl, the downy and dapper,  
That he flew inside, and sat on the clapper;  
And he shouted "Too-who!" till the echo awoke  
Like the sound of a ghostly clapper-stroke.  
"Ah, ha!" quoth the Owl, "I am quite at home;  
I will take your place with my Bing, Bang, Bome!"

The Owl was uplifted with pride and self-wonder;  
He hissed, and then called the echo thunder;  
And he sat, the monarch of feathered fowl,  
Till—Bang! went the Bell, and down went the Owl,  
Like an avalanche of feathers and foam,  
Loosed by the booming Bing, Bang, Bome.

He sat where he fell, as if naught was the matter,  
Though one of his eyebrows was certainly flatter.  
Said the eldest owlet, "Pa, you were wrong;  
He's at it again with his vulgar song."  
"Be still," said the Owl; "you're guilty of pride:  
I brought him to life by perching inside."

"But why, my dear?" said his pillowy wife;  
"You know he was always the plague of your life."  
"I have given him a lesson of good for evil;  
Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil."  
The Owl looked righteous, and raised his comb;  
But the Bell bawled on his Bing, Bang, Bome!

—George MacDonald.

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## LESSON XXIII.

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### Scene from *The Rivals*.

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[Study particularly for the attitudes, but with attention to facial expression as well.]

Bob Acres, a stupid country squire, has been induced to challenge his unknown rival, Beverley, who is really Captain Absolute, though Acres does not know it. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who has challenged Captain Absolute, has consented at the same time to act as second for Acres, not knowing that Beverley and Absolute are the same.

[Enter SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with pistols.]

ACRES. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

SIR L. It is for muskets, or small field pieces. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay now, I'll show you. [*Measures paces.*] There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR L. Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty, or eight and thirty yards—

SIR L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

ACRES. Odds bullets, no! by my valour, there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot; a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.

SIR L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR L. Ah, that's a pity—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there—[*puts himself into an attitude*] a side-front, hey?—Odds, I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

SIR L. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*levelling at him*]

ACRES. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

SIR L. Never fear.

ACRES. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

SIR L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

ACRES. A vital part!

SIR L. But there—fix yourself so [*placing him*—let him see the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all, and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Look ye, Sir Lucius—I'd just as leave be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

SIR L. [*looking at his watch*]. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—hah! no, faith—I think I see them coming.

ACRES. Hey!—what!—coming!

SIR L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

ACRES. There are two of them indeed!—well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

SIR L. Run!

ACRES. No, I say—we won't run, by my valour!

SIR L. What's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR L. Oh, fie! consider your honour.

ACRES. Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

SIR L. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*]

[*Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*]

SIR L. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah!—what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account? Mr. Beverley, [*to Faulkland*] if you choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

FAULK. My weapons, sir!

ACRES. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

SIR L. What, sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

FAULK. Not I, upon my word, sir! But if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

ACRES. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Lookye, Sir Lucius, 'tis one Beverley I've chal-

lenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

CAPT. A. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

SIR L. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity—

ACRES. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

SIR L. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

ACRES. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward: coward was the word, by my valour!

SIR L. Well, sir?

ACRES. Lookye, Sir Lucius, 'tish't that I mind the word coward—coward may be said in a joke—but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

SIR L. Well, sir?

ACRES. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.—  
*Sheridan.*

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## LESSON XXIV.

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### A Plain Tale of 1893.

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[Study for deep, genuine feeling.]

Heroic deeds are not, as some apostles of the commonplace would have us think, lost to the world in these degenerate days. Nor yet are they so plenty that we can afford to let even one pass by unnoticed and unrecorded. Great disasters and arduous expeditions call them forth, and they are seen, too, in the daily current of events in the humblest walks of life. Often the heroes are unconscious of their own worth. But the chief value of such deeds is not in the glorification of the doer, but in the inspiration they give to the beholder, to the reader, to all who



know of them. There comes at this time from the Dark Continent a plain tale of plain men in this latest year of the era of commonplace as thrilling as any saga of Odin and his heroes.

It was in Matabeleland, in Captain Wilson's fatal pursuit of the wily monster, Lobengula. The principal facts of that gallant but disastrous ride have already been made known. But an officer of one of the Matabele regiments, who himself led in the attack upon the entrapped Englishmen, supplies, in his own graphic phrases, some details that can never be forgotten.\* "I, Machasha, induna in the Insuka regiment," he says, "tell you these things. We were six thousand men against your thirty-four. . . . They rode into the track, and linked their horses in a ring, and commenced a heavy fire upon us, and our men fell fast and thick. We opened a fire upon them and killed all their horses. Then they took to cover behind their horses' bodies and killed us just like grass. We tried to rush them. Twice we tried, but failed. After a time they did not fire so much, and we thought their ammunition was getting short. Then, just as we were preparing to rush again, they all stood up. They took off their hats and sang. We were so amazed to see men singing in the face of death that we knew not what to do. At last we rushed. You white men don't fight like men, but like devils. They shot us until the last cartridge, and most of them shot themselves with that. But those who had none left just covered up their eyes and died without a sound. Child of a white man, your people know how to fight, and how to die. We killed all the thirty-four. But they killed us like grass."

Not the Spartans at Thermopylæ, nor the Guard at Waterloo, presented a spectacle of sublimer heroism than that handful of Englishmen, surrounded by savage foes more than a hundred to one when the last cartridges were in their revolvers, standing up in full view of their slayers, reverently baring their heads, and singing "God Save the Queen!" Your latter-day materialist may sneer at it as fustian, or as mere brute desperation. It was neither. It was the sense of duty conquering the sense of fear. It was courage of soul triumphant over impending dissolution of

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\*In the passage that follows, do not impersonate. Speak as you feel, with admiration for the heroism of these noble men. The emotions here are too deep for tricks of impersonation.

the body. It was a "crowded hour of glorious life" that indeed was "worth an age without a name;" worth it, not only to the actors in it, but to the whole human race. Those men had no reason to think, and did not think, that their death-song would ever be heard by other ears than those of their destroyer. Their deed was not bravado, but modest, loyal duty. But their voices will henceforth live in countless throbbing hearts, and their valor makes life and the world seem nobler to all their fellow-men.—*New York Tribune.*

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## LESSON XXV.

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### Two Views of Christmas.

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[Study in inflection and impersonation.]

NEPHEW. A merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. Bah! humbug!

NEPH. Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I'm sure?

SCROOGE. I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

NEPH. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Nephew, keep Christmas time in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

NEPH. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

NEPH. There are many good things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas

among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

SCROOGE. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir; I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

NEPH. Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

SCROOGE. I'll see you hanged first.

NEPH. But why, uncle? Why?

SCROOGE. Why did you get married?

NEPH. Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE. Because you fell in love!—Good afternoon!

NEPH. Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

NEPH. I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

NEPH. I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

NEPH. And a happy New Year!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!—*Dickens.*

LESSON XXVI.

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**The Christmas Party at Scrooge's Nephew's.**

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[An excellent study for distinctness, as well as in all the elements of expression that we have studied.]

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly.

Bless those women! They never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest. She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether, she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too; oh, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew,

“because I haven’t any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?”

Topper clearly had his eye on one of Scrooge’s niece’s sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge’s niece’s sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with roses—blushed.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you—especially Topper, who could growl away down in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn’t devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child Himself. There was first a game at blind-man’s buff, though. And I no more believe Topper was really blinded than I believe he had eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains—wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He couldn’t catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister.

They had a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge’s nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn’t made a show of, and wasn’t led by anybody, and didn’t live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull,

or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!" which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."—*Dickens.*

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## LESSON XXVII.

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### The Palmer's Vision.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

[Study for the attitudes of the head.]

Noon o'er Judæa! All the air was beating  
With the hot pulses of the day's great heart;  
The birds were silent; and the rill, retreating,  
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart,

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and burden,  
Dropped by the wayside weary and distressed,  
His sinking heart grown faithless of its guerdon—  
The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!  
No glimpse of distant Zion thronged and crowned!  
Behind him stretched his long and useless labor,  
Before him lay the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting  
Its balm of shadow on his aching head;  
And worn with toil, and faint with cruel fasting,  
He sighed, "O God! O God, that I were dead!"

“The friends I love are lost, or left behind me;  
In penury and loneliness I roam;  
These endless paths of penance choke and blind me:  
Oh, come and take Thy wasted pilgrim home!”

Then, with the form of Mary bending o’er him,  
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,  
The palmer slept, while a swift dream upbore him  
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest wonder;  
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls  
Informed with light; and heard the far-off thunder  
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls.

From far and near, in rhythmic palpitations,  
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and psalms;  
And through the gates he saw the ransomed nations  
Marching, and waving their triumphant palms.

And white within the thronging empyrean,  
A golden palm-branch in His kingly hand,  
He saw his Lord—the gracious Galilean—  
Amid the worship of His myriads stand.

“O Jesus, Lord of glory! bid me enter:  
I worship Thee! I kiss Thy holy rood!”  
The pilgrim cried, when, from the burning centre,  
A broad-winged angel sought him where he stood.

“Why art thou here?” in accents deep and tender  
Outspoke the messenger. “Dost thou not know  
That none may win the city’s rest and splendor  
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?”

“Go back to earth, thou palmer empty-handed!  
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!  
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,  
And win the palm thou hast not brought to-day!”

And then the sleeper woke, and gazed around him;  
Then, springing to his feet with life renewed,

He spurned the faithless weakness that had bound him,  
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and weary;  
But one long day among the evening hours,  
He saw beyond a landscape gray and dreary  
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers.

Oh, fainting soul that readest well this story,  
Longing through pain for death's benignant balm,  
Think not to win a heaven of rest and glory  
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy palm.

—*J. G. Holland.*

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## LESSON XXVIII.

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### Marmion and Douglas.

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[Study in bold climax. Attitudes of the head.]

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:  
“Though something I might 'plain,” he said,  
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:  
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer:  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone,—  
The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp



The hand of such as Marmion clasp."  
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire  
And shook his very frame for ire,  
And—"This to me!" he said,—  
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!  
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword)  
I tell thee thou'rt defied!  
And if thou saidst I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.  
Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his Hall?  
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?  
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall!”  
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need!—  
And dashed the rowels in his steed.  
Like arrow through the archway sprung;  
The ponderous gate behind him rung:  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.  
The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"  
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:  
 "A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
 I warrant him a warrior tried."  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle walls.

—*Scott.*

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## LESSON XXIX.

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### Alexander Ypsilanti.

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[Study for attitudes of head and expression of the eye.]

Alexander Ypsilanti sat in Muncac's lofty tower  
 And the rotten casement rattled in the wind that midnight hour!  
 Black winged clouds in long procession, hiding moon and star.  
       swept by,  
 And the Greek prince whispered sadly, "Must I here a captive  
       lie?"  
 On the distant south horizon still he gazes, half unmanned:  
 "Were I sleeping in thy dust, now, my beloved fatherland!"  
 And he flung the window open—'twas a dreary scene to view;  
 Crows were swarming in the lowlands, round the cliff the eagles  
       flew.

And again he murmured, sighing, "Comes there none good news  
to tell,

From the country of my fathers?" And his heavy lashes fell,—  
Was't with tears, or was't with slumber? and his head sank on  
his hand,

Lo! his face is growing brighter, dreams he of his fatherland?

So he sate, and to the sleeper came a slender armèd man,

Who with glad and earnest visage to the mourner thus began:

"Alexander Ypsilanti, cheer thy heart and lift thy head!

In the narrow rocky passage where my blood was freely shed,

Where the brave three hundred Spartans slumber in a common  
grave,

Greece to-day has met the oppressor, and her conquering banners  
wave!

This glad message to deliver was my spirit sent to thee:

Alexander Ypsilanti, Hellas' holy land is free!"

Then awoke the prince from slumber, and in ecstasy he cries:

"'Tis Leonidas!" and glistening tears of joy bedewed his eyes.

Hark! above his head a rustling; and a kingly eagle flies,

From the window and in moonlight, spreads his pinions to the  
skies.

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## LESSON XXX.

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### Mice at Play.

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[Variety in rhythmical movement.]

Mother was away, and, in consequence, Bess, Bob, Archie, and Tom had gotten into all sorts of mischief, the most serious accident being Archie's broken arm, the result of an attempt to ride the trick mule at the circus the day before. But in the minds of the children, the fact that Bob had dropped the best silver teapot down the well quite overshadowed all other misfortunes and the question was, how to recover it.

"I see it! I see it!" cried Tom eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" asked Bess.

"Let me see!" cried Bob.

"You clear out," said Archie: "you've made all this mischief. You'd better go before you tumble in yourself, you little goose. I can't go after it, with my broken arm."

"Now I suppose we will hear of nothing but your broken arm for a month, and you'll shirk everything for it. 'I can't study 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go errands 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go to church 'cause my arm's broken;' that will be your whim, Archie; but don't try your dodges on me, for I won't stand it. If it really hurts you, I'm sorry, and I'll lick any fellow that touches you till you get well again: but none of your humbug. Of course you can't go down the well; you couldn't if your arm wasn't broken."

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it and fish the teapot up," said she.

"Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, that I can wiggle it round in the water till the hook catches in the handle, and then we can draw it up. That's what I suppose."

"There's something in that, Bess. Let me try."

"No; go and get one for yourself."

"But where can I find one?"

"In the smoke-house, where I got mine."

"Oh, get me one, too," cried Bob.

"And me one, too," cried Archie.

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently wiggling in the water, catching their hooks in the stones by the side of the well, entangling their lines, digging their elbows into each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to pull their hooks loose, scolding, pushing, and getting generally excited. Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sunbonnet, and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness; but so far from being grateful to her deliverer, Bess resented the treatment indignantly.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried.

"You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then, if I hadn't jerked you," answered Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own lookout."

"Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I 'most had it that time."

"So you've said forty times. This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it."

"Oh, no, Tom; please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned; the rope will break; you'll kill yourself: you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm.

"Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of what? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in."

"You'll poison the water," suggested Archie.

"It will be so cold," moaned Bob.

"I'll scream for a hundred years, without stopping, Tom," cried Bess, wildly. "You shan't go down—you; I'll call someone. Murray! Peter! Maggie! c-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-o-o-me!"

"Stop screaming, and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the other rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket-handle. "Hold on tight, and let me down easy," said Tom; and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued. As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope and rushed to the side of the well to look at the victorious hero. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up to his shoulders. "What made you let go?" roared Tom.

"Oh, Tom, have you got it? Have you, really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?"

"Draw me up! You silly children! You goose of a Bess! Why don't you draw me up?"

"I will, Tom; I'm going to," answered Bess. But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

"I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started. As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped Aunt Maria and Aunt Maria's husband, Uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all the relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned. Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before Aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had caught her uncle by his august coat-tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope. "Pull on a rope, Elizabeth!" said Uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"Oh, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!" cried Bess.

"Tom down a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess; "the silver teapot, and we can't pull him up again; and he's cramped with the cold. Oh, do hurry!"

Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, and as slowly carried it into the house, stopped to give an order to his coachman, came with measured pace to the three frightened children; then took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong, calm pull, and in an instant Tom, "dripping with coolness, arose from the well." —*Neil Forest.*

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## LESSON XXXI.

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### **The Chambered Nautilus.**

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl—

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell.

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell.

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed—

Its irised ceiling rent, it sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil:

Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new.

Stole with soft step its shining archway through.

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee.

Child of the wandering sea.

Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne

Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings.

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—O. W. Holmes.

## LESSON XXXII.

## Sweet and Low.

[Gentle inclinations of the head and caressing attitudes of the hands;  
soft voice.]

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—*Tennyson*,

## The Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me  
beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff  
they comfort me.



Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—*Bible*.

## LESSON XXXIII.

### The Owl Critic.

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[Colloquial manner. Free use of hand and forearm.]

“Who stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in the shop;  
The barber was busy and he couldn’t stop;  
The customers, waiting their turn, were all reading  
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mister Brown,”  
Cried the youth, with a frown,  
“How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis!  
I make no apology;  
I’ve learned owl-eology:  
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
Do take that bird down,  
Or you’ll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!”  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“I’ve *studied* owls, and other night fowls,

And I tell you what I know to be true:  
An owl cannot roost with his limbs so unloosed;  
No owl in this world ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude.  
He can't *do* it, because it's against all bird laws.  
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,  
An owl has a toe that *can't* turn out so!  
I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!  
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!  
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes, I'm filled with surprise  
Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass;  
So unnatural they seem they'd make Audubon scream,  
And John Burroughs laugh to encounter such chaff.  
Do take that bird down; have him stuffed again, Brown!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that; I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.  
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:

"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

—James T. Fields.

## LESSON XXXIV.

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Herve Riel.

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[Study in movement, pitch and volume.]

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

"Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all;  
And they signaled to the place,  
"Help the winners of a race!  
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker  
still,  
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;  
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"  
laughed they;  
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and  
scored,  
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside?  
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring! Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;  
Brief and bitter the debate :

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take  
in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?—

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech),

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!"—But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools or  
rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell  
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty  
Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's  
a way!

"Only let me lead the line

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,  
Right to Solidor, past Grève,  
And there lay them safe and sound;  
And if one ship misbehave—  
Keel so much as grate the ground—  
Why, I've nothing but my life here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait!  
"Steer us in, then, small and great!  
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.  
"Captains, give the sailor place!  
He is admiral, in brief."  
Still the north wind, by God's grace;  
See the noble fellow's face  
As the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas pro-  
found!

See, safe through shoal and rock,  
How they follow in a flock!  
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,  
Not a spar that comes to grief!  
The peril, see, is past,  
All are harbored to the late.  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,  
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;  
They see the green trees wave  
On the heights o'erlooking Grève;  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
As they cannonade away!  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"  
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard:  
 Praise is deeper than the lips;  
 You have saved the king his ships,  
     You must name your own reward.  
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
     Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
     Since the others go ashore—  
 Come! A good whole holiday!  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"  
     That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
 Not a head in white and black  
 On a single fishing-smack,  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore  
     the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank  
     Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank;  
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.  
 So, for better and for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

—Robert Browning.

## LESSON XXXV.

**Against Whipping in the Navy.**

[Study in oratorical action.]

There is one broad proposition, Senators, upon which I stand. It is this—that an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash. Placing myself upon this proposition, I am prepared for any consequences.

I love the navy. When I speak of the navy, I mean the sailor as well as the officer. They are all my fellow-citizens and yours; and, come what may, my voice will ever be raised against a punishment which degrades my countrymen to the level of a brute, and destroys all that is worth living for—personal honor and self-respect.

In many a bloody conflict has the superiority of American sailors decided the battle in our favor. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. But can nobleness of sentiment or honorable pride of character dwell with one whose every muscle has been made to quiver under the lash? Can he long continue to love a country whose laws crush out all the dignity of manhood and rouse all the exasperation of hate in his breast?

Look to your history—that part of it which the world knows by heart—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him and break his spirit, he has never disgraced her. Man for man, he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to the fight.

Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and awoke the echo of old Albion's hills by the thunder of his cannon and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor; and the names of John Paul Jones and the Bon Homme Richard will go down the annals of time forever.

Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag—which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom—drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to exact? It was the American sailor; and the names of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster—when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor; and the name of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have a country to love.

That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for a navy. Since that day, the navy has had no stain upon its national escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory; and the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world, in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, for a heroism and prowess unsurpassed.

The great climax of Cicero in his speech against Verres is, that, though a Roman citizen, his client had been scourged. Will this more than Roman Senate long debate whether an American citizen, sailor though he be, shall be robbed of his rights? whether freeman, as he is, he shall be scourged like a slave?

Shall an American citizen be scourged? Forbid it, Heaven! Humanity forbid it! For myself, I would rather see the navy abolished, and the Stars and Stripes buried, with their glory, in the depths of the ocean, than that those who won for it all its renown should be subjected to a punishment so brutal, to an ignominy so undeserved.—*Commodore Stockton.*



## LESSON XXXVI.

## Scene from "Julius Cæsar."

[Study in dramatic action.]

*Rome; a street. Enter FLAVIUS and MARULLUS R., meeting a throng of citizens from L., who stand across the background.*

FLAVIUS. (C.) Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home! Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a laboring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1ST CIT. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. (R.) Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? You, sir; what trade are you?

2D CIT. (R. C.) Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2D CIT. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MAR. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?

2D CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MAR. What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2D CIT. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, all that I live by is the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters—but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR. (L. C.) Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.  
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made a universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in his concave shores?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Begone:  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. (C.) Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS R.]

MAR. See, wher their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the capitol;  
This way will I. Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them decked with Cæsar's trophies.

FLAV. (R.) May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

MAR. (L.) It is no matter;

These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who, else, would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt* MARULLUS L., FLAVIUS R.]

—*Shakespeare.*

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## LESSON XXXVII.

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### Supporting the Guns.

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[Speak distinctly, in spite of the excitement and consequent rapidity with which parts of this selection must be given.]

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon; through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first was to be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again

and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition-chests open, and along our line runs the command: "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows these cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and

shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

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### **Facilis Descensus.**

[Study of facial expression.]

“O where are you going with your love-locks flowing,  
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?”

“The down-hill path is easy, come with me an it please ye,  
We shall escape the up-hill by never turning back.”

So they two went together in glowing August weather;  
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;  
And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to float on  
The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

- “Oh, what is that in heaven where gray cloud-flakes are seven,  
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?”
- “Oh, that’s a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous.  
An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt.”
- “Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow  
thickly,  
Their scent comes rich and sickly?” “A scaled and hooded  
worm.”
- “Oh, what’s that in the hollow. so pale I quake to follow?”  
“Oh, that’s a thin dead body which waits the eternal term.”
- “Turn again, O my sweetest—turn again, false and fleetest.  
This beaten way thou beatest, I fear is hell’s own track.”
- “Nay, too steep for hill mounting; nay, too late for cost counting:  
This down-hill path is easy, but there’s no turning back.”  
—*The Congregationalist.*

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### The Man in the Moon.

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By permission of the Publisher, F. T. Neely.

[For comic facial expression.]

Oh, the man in the moon has a crick in his back;

Whee!

Whimm!

Ain’t you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;

And his eyes are so weak that they water and run,

If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,

So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise.

My!

Eyes!

But isn’t he wise

To just dream of stars as the doctors advise?

And the man in the moon has a boil on his ear;

Whee!

Whimm!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—  
There's a boil on his ear and a corn on his chin—  
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;  
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the man in the moon has a rheumatic knee;

Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;  
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,  
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all round his mouth,  
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.

Whing!

Whann!

What a marvelous man!

What a very remarkable, marvelous man!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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## LESSON XXXIX.

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### From "A Tramp Abroad."

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By permission of the American Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

[Humorous and poetic description and imitation.]

It may interest the reader to know how they "put horses to" on the Continent. The man stands up the horses on each side of the thing that projects from the front end of the wagon, and then throws the tangled mess of gear on top of the horses, and passes the thing that goes forward through a ring and hauls it aft, and passes the other thing through the other ring and hauls it aft on the other side of the other horse, opposite to the first one, after crossing them and bringing the loose end back, and then buckles

the other thing underneath the horse, and takes another thing and wraps it around the thing I spoke of before, and puts another thing over each horse's head, with broad flappers to it to keep the dust out of his eyes, and puts the iron thing in his mouth for him to grit his teeth on up hill, and brings the ends of these things aft over his back, after buckling another one around under his neck to hold his head up, and hitching another thing on a thing that goes over his shoulders to keep his head up when he is climbing a hill, and then takes the slack of the thing which I mentioned a while ago, and fetches it aft and makes it fast to the thing that pulls the wagon, and hands the other things up to the driver to steer with. I never have buckled up a horse myself, but I do not think we do it that way.

We had four very handsome horses, and the driver was very proud of his turnout. He would bowl along on a reasonable trot on the highway, but when he entered a village he did it on a furious run, and accompanied it with a frenzy of ceaseless whip-crackings, that sounded like volleys of musketry. He tore through the narrow streets and around sharp curves like a moving earthquake, showering his volleys as he went, and before him swept a continuous tidal wave of scampering children, ducks, cats, and mothers clasping babies which they had snatched out of the way of the coming destruction; and as this living wave washed aside along the walls, its elements, being safe, forgot their fears and turned their admiring gaze upon that gallant driver till he thundered around the next curve and was lost to sight.

About noon we made a two-hours' stop at a village hotel. There was a lake here, in the lap of the great mountain. The green slopes that rose toward the lower crags were graced with scattered Swiss cottages nestling among miniature farms and gardens, and from out a leafy ambuscade in the upper heights tumbled a brawling cataract.

Next to me at the table d'hôte sat an English bride, and next to her sat her new husband, whom she called "Neddy," though he was big enough and stalwart enough to be entitled to his full name. They had a pretty little lovers' quarrel over what wine they should have. Neddy was for obeying the guide-book and taking the wine of the country; but the bride said:



"What, that nahsty stuff!"

"It isn't nahsty, pet, it's quite good."

"It *is* nahsty."

"No, it *isn't* nahsty."

"It's oful nahsty, Neddy, and I shan't drink it."

Then the question was, what she must have. She said he knew very well that she never drank anything but champagne. She added:

"You know very well papa always has champagne on his table, and I've always been used to it."

Neddy made a playful pretense of being distressed about the expense, and this amused her so much that she nearly exhausted herself with laughter, and this pleased *him* so much that he repeated his jest a couple of times, and added new and killing varieties to it. When the bride finally recovered, she gave Neddy a love-box on the arm with her fan, and said, with arch severity:

"Well, you would have me—nothing else would do—so you'll have to make the best of a bad bargain. *Do* order the champagne; I'm oful dry."

So, with a mock groan, which made her laugh again, Neddy ordered the champagne.

The fact that this young woman had never moistened the selvedge edge of her soul with a less plebeian tippie than champagne had a marked and subduing effect upon Harris. He believed she belonged to the royal family. But I had my doubts.

—*Mark Twain.*

## LESSON XL.

## Mont Blanc Before Sunrise.

[Study for reverential feeling. Do not try to describe these pictures. Simply express the emotions the poem awakens in you, and your audience will feel them also.]

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee, and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge. But when I look again  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,—  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,—  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!  
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald—wake! O wake! and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered, and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?  
And who commanded—and the silence came—  
“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?”

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents; silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

“God!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, “God!”  
“God!” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice  
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “God!”

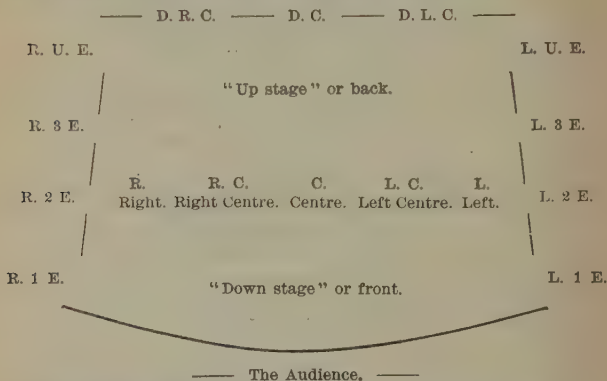
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—  
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou  
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me,—rise, oh, ever rise!  
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

—S. T. Coleridge.

*Note to Lesson XXIII., page 204, and to Lesson XXXVI., Page 232.*

The accompanying diagram explains the usual stage directions that are found in acting editions of plays and dialogues.



Side entrances.—Right or Left, 1st, 2d, 3rd, and upper entrance.

Doors at back.—Right centre, centre and left centre.

Principal characters come to or near the centre, subordinate characters, and principals also, when for the time they give place to others, belong "up stage."

The actor should stand so that his face is easily seen by the audience, unless there is an especial reason for turning his back upon them; for this reason, the foot nearest the person whom he is addressing on the stage should be the foot furthest "up stage," and in pacing to and fro the last step at either side of the stage should always be upon this foot, so that the transition to the other direction can be made without turning the back on the audience. In grouping a number of characters on the stage the chief thing to be borne in mind is that everyone should be so placed that he can be easily seen from the front. The simplest form is the arc of a circle, but if the arc is broken into a number of little groups the effect is more artistic. Often the principals are grouped in the front with subordinates up the stage. One of the most difficult accomplishments of the actor is the exit or departure from the stage. It should always be made expressive in the highest degree. After an impassioned speech amateurs often walk tamely off with an air as if all were finished; on the contrary, the exit should emphasize the prevailing mood, whether of love, hate, joy or sorrow. Entrances, exits and all other changes of position should be accomplished gracefully, avoiding angularity.

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